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learned to treasure it.”

— Senator Edward Kennedy, in his eulogy





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**A Nation Mourns:** As people struggle to understand their emotions, flowers pile up outside the home of John and Carolyn Kennedy

<b>TO OUR READERS</b>	4
<b>NOTEBOOK</b>	15
<b>JOEL STEIN</b> explains his love affair with Jersey	18

#### SPECIAL REPORT

<b>MEMORIAL: "He Had Every Gift but Length of Years"</b>	30
Ted Kennedy's eloquent eulogy helps a nation say goodbye to his beloved nephew John F. Kennedy Jr.	
<b>THE LAST DAY: From Baseball to a Graveyard Spiral</b>	36
His final 24 hours started with a Yankees game and unfolded almost routinely until coastal haze changed the script	
<b>KENNEDYS: Much Was Given, and Much Required</b>	42
Founding father Joe set a model of public service for his descendants, whether in politics or nonprofit organizations	
<b>PUBLIC SERVICE: Each Does It His (or Her) Way</b>	46
John: Founder of a program to train mental-health workers	48
Caroline: Backstage mom with cultural interests	49
Ted: The leading Senator of his time	50
Patrick: A young House member on the fast track	54
Kathleen: Preparing to run for Governor of Maryland in 2002	55
<b>VIEWPOINT:</b> Roger Rosenblatt on what makes a good life	56

#### NATION

<b>FLORIDA: New Battleground on Affirmative Action</b>	58
A referendum in Jeb Bush's state could embarrass his brother	
<b>CAMPAIGN 2000: Bush Starts Getting Specific</b>	59
George W. proposes helping the poor through their churches	
<b>TAXES: Republicans Go on the Offensive</b>	60
The House passes huge cuts that some conservatives don't like	

#### WORLD

<b>JAPAN:</b> A stock boom signals weakness, not strength	62
<b>CHINA:</b> Foot-in-mouth disease at the central bank	63
<b>YUGOSLAVIA:</b> A novelist may play a role in ousting Milosevic	64
<b>MIDDLE EAST:</b> Can Barak pull off peace? Yes and no	64

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#### TECHNOLOGY AND BUSINESS

<b>COMPUTERS: Steve Jobs' Golden Apple</b>	66
His iBooks may look like tangerine-colored toilet seats, but with the new wireless AirPort, they should fly off the shelves	
<b>THEATER: Playing Out a Drama</b>	70
Broadway impresario Garth Drabinsky maintains his innocence and plots a defense from his native Canada	
<b>MANAGEMENT: A Woman Takes Charge at HP</b>	72
Carly Fiorina becomes the top female boss in the U.S.	
<b>BOOKS:</b> Print on demand is a threat to big-time publishers	73
<b>HEROES FOR THE PLANET</b>	

#### FRESH WATER: Let Rivers Run Deep

Roger Rosenblatt takes a trip up the Hudson with John Cronin and Robert F. Kennedy Jr., whose Riverkeeper group uses vigilance and the law to protect the great river	74
<b>Plus:</b> Other heroes from the Amazon to the Ganges	80

#### THE ARTS

<b>TELEVISION:</b> Anxious, dark, neurotic—some of the most interesting sex on the air today is anything but sexy	86
<b>SHOW BUSINESS:</b> Out of rehab, Andy Dick is back to work	88
<b>DANCE:</b> Merce Cunningham leaps into the digital age	90
<b>BOOKS:</b> Young voices are bringing new life to short fiction	91
In a first novel, tragedy leads to change and triumph	94
<b>SHORT TAKES:</b> Whitney live; a dull <i>Haunting</i>	96

#### PERSONAL TIME

<b>YOUR TECHNOLOGY:</b> Chris Taylor takes on Dreamcast	98
<b>YOUR MONEY:</b> Daniel Kadlec on UPS's selling stock	99
<b>YOUR FAMILY:</b> Michael Lemonick on the extended family	100

<b>PEOPLE:</b> Rehnquist on vacation; the whimsy of Paris	101
<b>ESSAY:</b> Garrison Keillor on John F. Kennedy Jr., the hero	102

COVER: Photograph from Corbis-Bettmann

## A Legacy of Public Service

This week we honor John by looking at how he and his family gave back

**J**OHN KENNEDY'S DEATH unleashed a wave of public emotion and a predictable flood of media coverage. Indeed, it would not be too churlish to ask why—other than being a nice guy and a good-looking celebrity with a historically resonant heritage—Kennedy deserved such an outpouring. So in putting together this issue, we looked for a worthwhile lesson we could draw both from the way he lived and the emotions wrought by his death.

We decided that the most useful way to honor him was to explore what made him and, despite their tragedies and foibles, his whole family so distinctive: their strong tradition of public service. In particular, we wanted to look at the way John and some of his generation of Kennedys were finding less traditional ways to pursue worthy causes.

A few months ago, he was at a fund-raising breakfast for the Robin Hood Foundation, a group that taps Manhattan money for neighborhood projects. There he toasted Hans and Ivan Hageman, two childhood friends from East Harlem who had, with Robin Hood seed money, founded a remedial school and counseling program. John recalled first meeting them 30 years ago. "These guys were larger than life," he said, "and they behaved in such a way that we all knew they were destined to do something important with their lives."

Much the same could be said of John. Although he gracefully bore the public role that birth assigned him, he preferred acting in a quieter, more hands-on way. He would ride his bike, or occasionally blade, to visit the Hagemans' school in East Harlem and other neighborhoods seldom frequented by those whose celebrity or wealth affords them the protection of limos and entourages. Others on the Robin Hood board say he loved holding their meetings in the rough-



**SIMPLE GIFTS:** Kennedy, playing waiter at a Robin Hood Foundation breakfast last December, honored a family tradition of good works

est neighborhoods, though he generally deferred to their desire for more convenient midtown locations. This month's session was scheduled for last Wednesday in his office.

At the breakfast we talked about whether he would enter politics. He said he had been approached about running for the Senate but had firmly declined. He wasn't ready; he hadn't yet earned the chance. Besides, there were more interesting and perhaps useful ways to serve, including through his magazine, *George*, which he felt could help make public service seem glamorous again, and his charity work. He was quick to add that politics should be considered a noble calling, that he might run for something someday. But instead of a

legislative job, like the Senate, he said he would prefer serving in an executive capacity. Not yet, though. He liked his life the way it was now. His wife Carolyn smiled.

In this issue, we look at the way John and other members of his family have been involved in public service. Some, like his Uncle Ted and cousins Kathleen and Patrick, are doing it in the traditional family way through politics. Others, like John and some of his cousins, have followed the example of their aunts in pursuing private endeavors. Like John, they have helped redefine that tradition through an asphalt-level, intimate involvement.

Coincidentally, our essayist Roger Rosenblatt had been working for weeks on a piece about Robert Kennedy Jr. and his group, Riverkeeper, which is cleaning up the Hudson River. It is part of our continuing environment series on Heroes for the Planet. We are happy to include it and its accompanying profiles in this issue to show how so many others are also engaged in the type of hands-on public service work that marked John's life.

From birth, John seemed to be surrounded by light. As the New York *Observer* noted last week, he always seemed to keep his bearings in that glare, as if guided by an inner compass. That is why it is so painful to think of his final minute as he desperately tried to find his bearings in the unaccustomed darkness, searching for a light to restore that inner compass. Now, perhaps, the memory of his life can serve as a light for others, as a point of reference on our horizons.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor

## LETTERS



### Sports-Crazed Kids

**“Who’s complaining? Actually participating on a team is better for kids than playing sports video games or watching TV sports.”**

LANCE CAIN  
Austin, Texas

BRAVO FOR YOUR PIECE ABOUT THE OBSESSION with sports among kids and parents [SPORT, July 12]! The true cost of parents’ foisting their competitive mania on their children, however, goes far beyond the price of uniforms and private athletic tutors. It is sad to see all those kids worshipping sports stars when they could be involved in the sciences, arts and scouting. Ouch! If sports has replaced religion in American life, whom have we to blame but ourselves if our kids carry guns to school?

JONATHAN LOWE  
Tucson, Ariz.

I WILL TIRELESSLY GO TO PRACTICES AND games and cheer away. I will take part in pitching, batting, jump shots and lay-ups. The next time you see zealous, over-heated parents, remember that at least they have taken the time to participate in their child’s life. Not every parent is looking for a multimillion-dollar contract. What’s being sculpted here is not a pro athlete but a secure, stable, responsible adult. This weekend’s baseball game is where we will continue teaching the lessons of life ... one pitch at a time.

SHARON HAIGNEY  
Fort Worth, Texas

I AM APPALLED AT KIDS’ SPORTS. THE ONLY reason youngsters play is to win, not for the pleasure of just playing. What ever happened to “for love of the game”? Parents should be ashamed of themselves! Kids, get a grip! The world doesn’t revolve around sports or around you. Parents, please. It’s just a game.

JESSICA POLLEDRI, 14  
Verona, N.J.

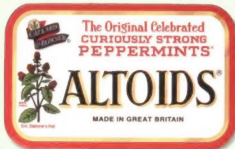
DEVOTION TO SPORTS ON ANY LEVEL UNDERMINES humanity. George Orwell said it best: “Serious sport has nothing to do with fair play. It is bound up with hatred, jealousy, boastfulness, disregard in witnessing violence. In other words, it is war minus the shooting.”

VINCENT GUGLIUZZA  
Towson, Md.

IT’S A PRETTY SAFE BET THAT THE LITTLE guy shown on your cover will grow up to trade in his bat and helmet for a stadium seat and a beer. The collusion between our educational system and professional sports is made possible because we parents fail to insist that our average children not be used as a source of supply for professional sports.

DONALD WINZE  
New Berlin, Wis.

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I REMEMBER GROWING UP IN AN ERA when "unorganized" sports ruled the day. We learned valuable socialization skills during pickup games, in which we children negotiated and compromised on issues. We brought the equipment, made up the rules, settled arguments and, most of all, learned how to work together as a team. Parents today are taking away this learning experience.

STEVEN FINE  
Antioch, Ill.

## What Hillary Amounts To

IN Musing ABOUT HILLARY CLINTON'S political future [VIEWPOINT, July 12], Lance Morrow has every right to think the thumpings of his prophetic kitchen table signify a victorious campaign by Hillary for the New York Senate seat. But it sounds as if he is hearing the same voices Hillary does when she talks to Eleanor Roosevelt. A Ouija board would be a more reliable source for prognostications, but make sure the board is on a table that has been bolted down.

BRUCE L. WILLIAMSON  
Clifton Park, N.Y.

## Divorce, Political Style

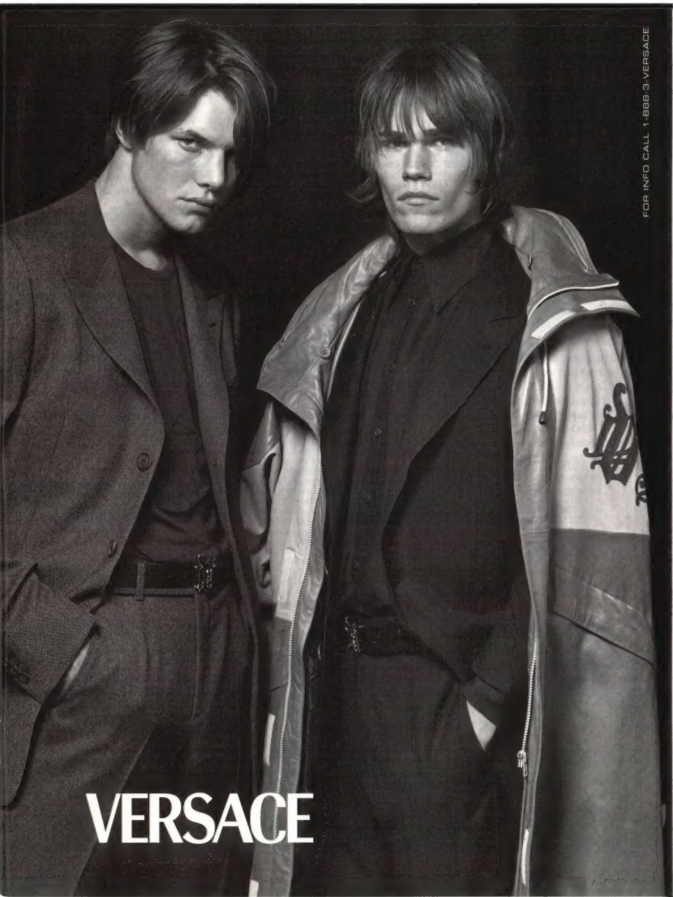
RE YOUR ARTICLE "CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE Saved?" [NATION, July 12], describing how Gore is trying to distance himself

## BREAST BIOPSY



Seldom do we get the kind of overwhelming response that we did for Janice Horowitz's piece on her breast biopsy [PERSONAL TIME:

YOUR HEALTH, July 5]. More than 70 people wrote us after reading Horowitz's account of the discovery of a minimally invasive breast-biopsy procedure called Mammotome. Some hoped the article would remind patients not to be afraid to seek a second opinion, while dozens of others shared their fears after troubling mammogram results. Doctors also wrote praising us for getting the word out to women about minimally invasive biopsy techniques. We were gratified that more than one woman said she would be keeping the report around for future reference—just in case.



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from President Clinton: If I were Gore, the last place I would want to be is in a marriage with Clinton—unless, of course, someday I wanted to run for Senator from a state where I had never lived.

MEL MAURER  
Westlake, Ohio

DESPITE HIS SEXUAL MISCONDUCT, CLINTON has worked tirelessly for humanitarian causes both here and abroad. In distancing himself from Clinton, Gore has also severely distanced himself from becoming President. You never bite the hand that feeds you!

VAL F. MARCHILDON  
Duluth, Minn.

## America the Lovable

CHEERS TO MOLLY IVINS FOR HER CELEBRATION of the lovable stuff about Americans [ESSAY, July 12]. As I read it aloud to friends, I felt I was expressing my own ideas, illustrated with Molly's colorful word pictures. She held up a mirror, and we chuckled and nodded approval.

JEAN H. MICULKA  
El Paso, Texas

## TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



Don't miss the hour-long newsmagazine show **CNN & TIME** airing Sundays and Mondays. This week we cover the rage for plastic surgery and its consequences. A rising number of doctors, some with little or no training, are doing tricky operations—and it's all quite legal. On CNN Aug. 1 and 2 at 8 p.m. (E.T.)



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I APPLAUD IVINS' SENTIMENTS, BUT WHAT a pity she couldn't laud Americans without sneering at the Germans and the Canadians! It ruined the Essay for me.

MARTIN S. GILLESSEN  
Hingham, Mass.

IVINS IS SUCH A REFRESHING VOICE. IT'S good to be reminded that the jumble that is America is a blessing.

JUDITH RICE  
Louisville, Ky.

## A Strategy for Kashmir

IT IS HIGH TIME FOR THE U.S. TO BE consistent and treat the Kashmiris the same way as the Kosovars in the wake of Serbian aggression [WORLD, July 12]. The U.S. needs to spearhead an international effort to deliver the Kashmiri people their rights.

WASIQ M. BOKHARI  
Philadelphia

## Kubrick Reinvents the Genre

IN DISCUSSING UNFINISHED PROJECTS by director Stanley Kubrick [NOTEBOOK, July 12], you noted that *AI*, a science-fiction film about artificial intelligence, might have been a better film for his finale than *Eyes Wide Shut*. But the fact that Kubrick had already made a trilogy of sci-fi flicks (*Dr. Strangelove*, 2001 and *A Clockwork Orange*) is probably why he opted to do something different. Kubrick virtually reinvented each genre in which he worked, whether it was a horror film like *The Shining*, an antiwar movie like *Full Metal Jacket* or a science-fiction feature. It is not surprising that he chose to make a psychological drama so he could reinvent that genre too.

GENE D. PHILLIPS, S.J., AUTHOR  
Stanley Kubrick: A Film Odyssey  
Chicago

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## POLICY FORUM

## Simple Solutions

By Patrick G. Hays

Sometimes our nation's social problems seem so overwhelming that we fear we can never solve them. It's tempting to just give up. But the rising number of uninsured Americans—more than 43.4 million—is one problem Congress can help to solve. Right now.

The challenge is to develop targeted solutions that reach specific people. For example, more than 83 percent of Americans who lack health insurance either have jobs themselves or have spouses or parents who work. Although these uninsured people work, their incomes are too low to afford insurance premiums. This problem is greatest among the smallest businesses, where 35 percent of employees are uninsured. To address the situation, our nation needs to find ways to help small companies offer insurance. Congress can make this happen.

First, the government should provide tax credits for low-income workers in small firms. In addition, Congress should allow the self-employed—along with other people who purchase health insurance outside an employer group—to deduct the full cost of health-insurance premiums from their income taxes.

Finally, lawmakers must resist the many proposed public policy schemes that will increase the cost of health care. These proposals will only make the problems of the uninsured worse.

The government faces a choice: foster solutions today or aggravate an already grievous social problem for tomorrow. Let's urge our lawmakers to make the right decision.

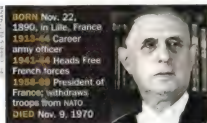
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## Who Should Be the Person of the Century?

TIME's coverage of the 100 most influential people of the 20th century will culminate in December, when we will name the Person of the Century. To help the editors make the choice, we've asked a select group of people to tell us whom they would pick. The latest intriguing nominations:

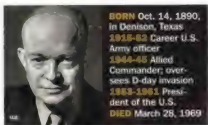


**BORN** Nov. 22, 1890, in Lille, France  
**1915-44** Career army officer  
**1941-44** Heads Free French forces  
**1958-60** President of France; withdraws troops from NATO  
**DIED** Nov. 9, 1970

**CHARLES DE GAULLE** If we are to single out a personality among all those who have shaped contemporary history, I would cite General Charles de Gaulle. He was the incarnation of honor and courage. I had the privilege of knowing him and of working at his side. I learned from him that intimate, almost mystical, alliance between a nation and its leader. The relationship between

De Gaulle and France was a personal and unique bond. During World War II, he was the symbol of the Resistance and later the spirit of reform. He restored political and economic stability. Never give up—have the courage to say no—embrace a collective ambition that leaves behind special interests: that is the message of Gaullism. It is one for all times and all nations. De Gaulle not only affirmed a certain idea of France. He also had a certain idea of mankind. And that idea allowed him to accomplish the impossible. —Jacques Chirac, President of France

**DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER** The next time someone asks whether character counts in a leader, remind them of D-day, June 6, 1944. In the months leading up to it, Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower assembled an armada of 4,400 ships and landing craft, 11,000 airplanes and 155,000 troops with which to liberate Europe from the Nazis. Then, having done his best, Eisenhower imagined the worst. Along with a ringing message to his troops, he drafted a different one in case the invasion failed. In it he said, "If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt, it is mine alone." Ike's integrity, on and off the battlefield, gave him unparalleled credibility in the postwar world, whether launching Atoms for Peace; ending the war in Korea; sending federal troops to Little Rock, Ark., to integrate the school; or warning against the evils of what he named "the military-industrial complex." It has taken us nearly a half-century to see the true dimension of Eisenhower's achievements. —Bob Dole, former U.S. Senator



**BORN** Oct. 14, 1890, in Denison, Texas  
**1915-62** Career U.S. Army officer  
**1944-45** Allied Commander; oversees D-day invasion  
**1953-1961** President of the U.S.  
**DIED** March 28, 1969

## MOST READERS AGREE ON ONE THING: NOT HIROHITO

Japanese Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi's nomination of Emperor Hirohito as TIME's Person of the Century (July 5) drew a storm of outrage from many of our U.S. readers, along with support from several Japanese. Typical among protesters was Erin C. Galgay of Newton, Mass.: "To think that anyone could nominate a foe of freedom and a self-proclaimed god sickens me." Others saw Obuchi's nomination as an attempt to rewrite history. George K. Shosone of Piscataway, N.J., took a different tack: "I agree with Obuchi's nomination," he noted, "except for different reasons. Hirohito, as leader of Japan, was responsible for the suffering of millions and thus is on a par with Hitler for consideration as the Person of the Century." But the Emperor still has his Japanese backers, among them Yoshito Hayashi, who noted, "He tried to save his people."

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# NOTEBOOK

## VERBATIM

**“No congregating. Say a prayer and move it along, please.”**

**POLICE OFFICER,**  
to crowds gathered outside  
J.F.K. Jr.'s apartment

**“If we don't save Social Security ... it will be because we choose to reward ourselves today by risking our prosperity tomorrow.”**

**PRESIDENT CLINTON,**  
at a press conference

**“Big Bird is ... 30 years old, and it's time to leave the federal nest.”**

**REP. STEVE LARGENT,**  
Oklahoma Republican, on  
federal support for public TV

**“She was not attempting to fish ... She was attempting to cast.”**

**A MADELEINE ALBRIGHT AIDE,**  
after the Secretary of State  
angled for salmon in Alaska

**“I have a deep-seated feeling that he is a real phony.”**

**RONALD REAGAN,**  
on Jimmy Carter in letters to  
pen pal Lorraine Wagner



**FAREWELL** “We dared to think, in that other Irish phrase, that this John Kennedy would live to comb gray hair, with his beloved Carolyn by his side,” eulogized Ted Kennedy. “But like his father, he had every gift but length of years.”

Sources: Police officer; ABC's *nightline*; Clinton, U.S. Newsweek; Largent and Albright, Reuters; Reagan, *New Yorker*

## WINNERS & LOSERS



**DENNIS HASTERT**  
Speaker avoids Newt Gingrich—quells mutiny, passes \$792 billion tax cut. Must have been '80s night

**KATHLEEN ANN SOLIAH**  
Fugitive turned housewife and actress makes bail. Now her plays' press seats will be full!

**EILEEN COLLINS**  
Becomes first woman to head a U.S. space flight. Will conserve energy by asking for directions

**NEWT GINGRICH**  
He and second wife separate. Freebie personal ad: stocky SWM seeks family-valued F, no Dems

**MIKE BARNICLE**  
In a column he chides media for J.F.K. Jr. voyeurism, but then is all over television himself

**RICHIE PHILLIPS**  
Umps say their attorney is “too confrontational”—this from guys used to being spat on



# NIGHTLY INQUIRY HISTORY'S MYSTERIES



**DAUGHTER SUSPECTED  
IN PARENTS' DEATH.  
LIZZIE BORDEN GUILTY  
OR INNOCENT?**



WITH ARTHUR KENT

**BEGINS MONDAY, AUGUST 2  
8PM ET/9PM PT**

**MON**  
THE STRANGE CASE  
OF LIZZIE BORDEN

**TUES**  
BURIED SECRETS:  
DIGGING FOR DNA

**WED**  
THE FIRST DETECTIVE

**THURS**  
SCOTLAND YARD'S  
GREATEST INVESTIGATIONS

**FRI**  
THE PLOT TO  
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# A Kick in the Arsenal, But Military Keeps On Ticking

**T**HE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES grounded the ultrasophisticated F-22 fighter jet last week by passing a military-spending bill that withholds funding for the planes, which run about \$187 million each. Rest assured, however, that the U.S. military does not want for big-ticket items. It has—or is getting—some of the most expensive planes, subs and helicopters in the world, including these top-priced babies:



← **CVN-77**, a nuclear aircraft carrier: \$5.2 billion each (one in development; CVN-70 pictured)



← **SSN-21 Seawolf**, a nuclear attack submarine: \$4.4 billion each (three in development)



↓ **Patriot PAC-3**, a surface-to-air missile launcher: \$217 million each (36 in development)



← **E-8A/B JSTARS**, an Air Force reconnaissance plane: \$560 million each (15 in development)



← **C-17A Globemaster**, an Air Force transport plane, \$335 million each (134 in development)



← **RAH-66 Comanche**, an Army reconnaissance helicopter: \$34 million each (1,292 planned)

PHOTO TOP: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; BOTTOM: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; BOTTOM: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS

8 PM  
11 PM

## Everyday

### '99 FALL SEASON



## Not All Ready for Prime Time

**T**he networks are busy promoting their new fall lineups, but there are plenty of rookie shows they'd prefer to forget. Play TV executive: guess which of the following shows were chosen to air and which never made it past the pilot stage.

**1 Freaks and Geeks:** Features "a smallish but hyper geek," "a friendly but slightly dangerous freak" and "a tall freak who dreams of stardom as a rock-'n'-roll drummer"

**2 The Expendables:** A buddy comedy about indestructible, human-looking robots who team up to be crime fighters

**3 Now and Again:** An updated *Six Million Dollar Man*, about a middle-age insurance salesman who suffers a strange accident and is rebuilt by the government

**4 Partners:** A comedy about a police detective who pesters his partner by pondering aloud such things as whether he would eat human flesh if he were shipwrecked

**5 Student Affair:** *Animal House* meets *The Young and the Restless* on a college campus

**6 Then Came You:** A romantic comedy about a 34-year-old book editor living in a hotel who falls for a 24-year-old room-service waiter

**7 Quints:** Billed as "South Park for women," with the voices of Sandra Bernhard and Jim Belushi

**8 Roswell:** Three orphaned aliens who are trying to pass unnoticed as "normal" teenagers

**9 Sugar Hill:** A sitcom set in a New York City police station, starring Charlie Sheen

**ANSWERS:** 1 (NO), 2 (YES), 3 (YES), 4 (NO), 5 (YES), 6 (NO), 7 (NO), 8 (YES), 9 (YES)

## RECOVERY

**LOST & FOUND, PART I** Astronaut Gus Grissom's space capsule, which sank in 1961, wasn't the only piece of history retrieved last week. In Charleston, S.C., archaeologists found remains of sailors who served on the H.L. Hunley, an 1863 Confederate submarine, while British archaeologists say they located the tomb of 9th century King Alfred, under a parking lot. And in Florence, Italy, librarians found an envelope with some of Dante's ashes, which, in a divine comedy of errors, had been lost for 70 years.



## DISCOVERY

**LOST & FOUND, PART II** Next year, scientists plan an expedition to the Republic of Congo to check reports of a small brontosaurus-like animal. What else is out there?

Last week huge purplish black jellyfish, *Chrysaora achlyos*, not spotted since 1989, appeared near San Diego. Rarer still, Javan rhinoceroses were photographed this spring. They have been feared extinct since shortly after the Vietnam War. And in 1997 and '98, at least two coelacanth, rare fish, were caught by Indonesian fishermen. Prior to 1938, the fish was believed to have been extinct for more than 25 million years.





JOEL STEIN

# I Sing the New Jersey Electric

**T**HE NEW YORK TIMES HAD TO RUIN IT. THE PAPER finally dropped the snooty subtext sprinkled throughout its Metro section, its Real Estate section and its none too subtle Dining In section ("Tonight, my lord, we shall attempt to eat in our very own home!") and just came out and said it. In a front-page story about the Bruce Springsteen concert was this comment: "Many people seemed, for a day at least, to exult in the fact that they too were from New Jersey."

I attended the first of 15 sold-out Springsteen shows in New Jersey last week, with a love not just for the music but also for the culture of my home state. I basked in the entire scene, complete with outdoors boardwalk games and sand brought up from the Jersey Shore—sand that no doubt had dangerous, used surgical supplies buried in it.

But we are not known only for our medical-supply companies. No, New Jersey is a state that brought us the light bulb, Walt Whitman and the Shopasaurus T shirt. Jersey is the only state that so overpowers its namesake that you can drop the *New* when referring to it. Try that with Hampshire, York or Mexico. No one has heard of those places. Other than Texas, Jersey is the only state to have a cohesive, distinct personality. It is a state so full of attitude that its capital, Trenton, welcomes visitors with Hollywood-size letters declaring TRENTON MAKES THE WORLD TAKES. Our mascot is the devil. Jersey is short, tough and looking for a fight. That's because everyone wants our women. Sure, they pretend to want the California girl, all blond and Barbie and demurely flirtatious. But the

Jersey girl, with her big hair and stone-washed jeans, takes Barbie's lunch money. If there were a New Jersey Barbie, her clothes would come off even faster than regular Barbie's.

So for one night I got to drop my lifelong defensiveness and bask in Springsteen songs rhapsodizing about drag racing on the highway, riding motorcycles toward swamps, taking dates on amusement-park rides, working at oil refineries and getting arrested by state troopers. I have never experienced any of those things, but somehow I felt them. Because that's what being from New Jersey is really about: feeling things in Bruce Springsteen songs. I have a hungry heart. I am in the dumps with the mumps as an adolescent pumps his way into his hat. It's like he knows me.

New Jersey is undergoing a renaissance of sorts. The "of sorts" refers to the fact that we don't really have anything to bring back, or, in the Latin, "naissance." But now we've got Lauryn Hill singing about her hometown, South Orange, and *The Sopranos* celebrating our family values, and New Jersey movie director Kevin Smith causing problems for both the Roman Catholic Church and Disney. There are even I LOVE NJ T shirts for sale at Newark Airport. I know airports in every state have those, but for us it's new.

I, of course, no longer live in New Jersey, opting for the more exciting, cultured life of Manhattan. Nor do I intend to return; instead I feel drawn toward the easy life of the West Coast. Still, the New York Times makes me mad. That's probably because they rejected me for a job. That's so Jersey of me. ■



## THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon by Mike Luckovich for TIME

**Future Locations:** California, Anaheim • Florida, Ft. Lauderdale • Louisiana, New Orleans • Missouri, Kansas City • North Carolina, Raleigh • Oklahoma, Oklahoma City • Pennsylvania, Philadelphia • Texas, Houston



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*Charles Schwab on investing*

"It's crucial to  
understand how  
your broker is  
compensated."

*Charles R. Schwab*

"I'm a working mother," says Susan, "and I want to plan for a secure future. So it's important that I make the right investments now."

What brought you to Schwab?

"I'd heard good things about them. When I was ready to invest, I visited a Schwab branch office, and they were very helpful. They even helped me invest my five-year-old son Spencer's money for him."

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"Their Investment Specialists aren't in it for the commission. I want as much money as possible to go into the Susan-and-Spencer pot, not someone else's."

Our investment specialists get a salary, not a commission. They give you the information you

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"The Investment Specialists are wonderful. They always answer my questions. One even gave Spencer a chocolate Easter bunny when we opened his account."

Any closing thoughts?

"I plan on investing with Schwab for the rest of my life," says Susan. "Spencer has a great deal of life ahead. I'm his mother, and I want the best for him."

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## MILESTONES

**MARRIED, HELEN HUNT, 36**, Oscar- and Emmy-winning actress of *Mad About You* fame; and longtime boyfriend, actor **HANK AZARIA, 35**; in Los Angeles.

**DIED, BARBARA RASKIN, 63**, author of the best-selling novel *Hot Flashes* (1987), a paean to female friendship; of complications after surgery; in Baltimore.



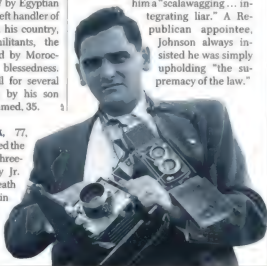
**DIED, KING HASSAN II, 70**, leader of Morocco for 38 years with an uncanny survival instinct; of a heart attack; in Rabat. The ever diplomatic, pro-Western Hassan helped facilitate a number of key Middle East negotiations, including a visit to Jerusalem in 1977 by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. A deft handler of vastly different factions in his country, among them Islamic militants, the charismatic ruler was said by Moroccans to have baraka, or blessedness. Hassan, who had been ill for several years, will be succeeded by his son Crown Prince Sidi Mohammed, 35.

**DIED, STANLEY TRETICK, 77**, photojournalist who captured the iconic image of an almost-three-year-old John F. Kennedy Jr. peeking out from underneath his father's Oval Office desk in 1963; after several strokes, three days after the death of his famous subject, John Jr.; in Gaithersburg, Md.



**DIED, DAVID OGILVY, 88**, sharp-witted advertising progressive, promoter of the soft sell and founder of Madison Avenue giant Ogilvy & Mather; near Bonnes, France (see Eulogy, below).

**DIED, FRANK M. JOHNSON JR., 80**, uncompromising federal judge from Alabama whose rulings invigorated the civil rights movement; in Montgomery. Johnson helped desegregate many of Montgomery's public facilities and cleared the way for Martin Luther King Jr. and thousands of supporters to march from Selma to Montgomery in 1965. Governor George Wallace called him a "scalawagging... integrating liar." A Republican appointee, Johnson always insisted he was simply upholding "the supremacy of the law."



## NUMBERS



**53** Total Kennedy-related pages in issues of the three major newsweeklies immediately following President Kennedy's death

**79** Total Kennedy-related pages in the three major newsweeklies immediately following J.F.K. Jr.'s death



**1** Ranking of "mp3" among Internet searches last month, unseating "sex"

**126%** Increase in value of mp3.com stock after its first day of trading

**0** Top 40 bands on mp3.com's website

**6.9%, 11%** Average viewership rating and share for the Parents' Television Council's 10 Best Family-Friendly Shows

**7.6%, 12%** Average rating and share for its Top 10 Most Offensive Shows



**174%** Increase in time per day the average adult spent online since last year

**41%** Decrease in time adults spent watching TV

**4%** Increase in time adults spent reading magazines

Sources: Business Week, Nielsen/Media Research, Fairchild Research

## EULOGY

The clearer the vision, the deeper the passion, the higher the level of achievement. This could be a manifesto for **DAVID OGILVY'S** remarkable life. I met him in Venice, Italy, in 1986. I was stunned to find out that he knew who I was and what I had done. As we parted he said, "Pat, you have it in your heart. I can tell. But unless you're ready to fight for what you believe in, it won't matter." Today I hear those words often, always in his voice. David Ogilvy was far more than a Hall of Fame copywriter. He became an icon and a brand. His legacy will be one of brilliance, complexity, flair, passion and proof that enduring



Ogilvy's Hathaway man Fallon McElligott

values can indeed travel around the world. The strength of David's guiding principles, his respect for the consumer's intelligence and his determination to have truth be central to the commercial success of his agency, Ogilvy & Mather, made it possible for following generations of advertising agencies to prosper. By carefully disseminating his beliefs, David changed the face of advertising. His writings and books continue to provide not only the "how-to's" of contemporary best practices but also the inspiration for gloriously big, business-driving ideas. Thank you, David. It won't be the same without you. —PAT FALLON, chairman,

A photograph of a white rowing boat on a beach. The boat is in the foreground, angled towards the left. In the background, there is a wide expanse of sand and water, leading up to a large, rocky cliff or headland. The sky is overcast.

## JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

On a Rhode Island beach in 1963, the love between father and son embodied the hopes of a nation

ROBERTA KNUDSEN

“ We are tied to the ocean



an. And when we go back

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



...it is to sail or to wa



atch it, we are going back fr



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



# Farewell



## A nation and a family mourn and wonder what might have been

By MARGARET CARLSON

**T**O BE A KENNEDY IS TO LEAD TWO lives—the official one the family seeks with bright idealism and ruthless ambition, and the private one it tries to preserve behind the hedges of a seaside estate. But to be a Kennedy is also to understand how those two worlds can reinforce each other. Camelot stands not just for the elegant touches of the Kennedy presidency—an exhortation at the Berlin Wall, a journey into the hollows of Appalachia—but also for the carefully selected moments of the family at play. John F. Kennedy Jr. was urban royalty with a public conscience, a black-tie aristocrat who took the subway.

When a bullet has struck or a plane has crashed, Senator Ted Kennedy has been left to marry his family's private tears to those of the nation. He has done it so often and so well that we remember him most fondly for the goose-bump lines in his eulogies; he shines brightest in the darkest suit.

Last week, when he again stepped up to a pulpit, this time to eulogize his nephew behind the closed doors of the Church of St. Thomas More in New York City, we could not hear the quiver in his voice. And we didn't have to. It was there in the practiced cadences, the defiant wit, the stubborn Catholicism that insists on seeing all the way to the gates of heaven. "He and his bride have gone to be with his mother and father, where there will never be an end to love," Kennedy said. And he promised that this family, at least, this old and bruised and sturdy family, would stand by in an eternal wake. "He was lost on that troubled night, but we will always wake for him, so that his time, which was not doubled but cut in half, will live forever in our memory and in our beguiled and broken hearts."

But there is one thing he did not promise, and that's what separated this day of mourning for the Kennedys from all the others. There was no rhetoric of the kind Ted Kennedy used at the 1980 Democratic Convention, when he said, "The dream shall never die." A Kennedy friend who was there told *TIME*, "I've seen this family in other sad circumstances, and I'm telling you, this was different. This gang is shell-

carry one of the bodies, which were found 116 ft. underwater, from a Coast Guard ship, as Uncle Ted watches

## JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



**A BOAT FOR SORROW** Ted Kennedy, on his way to witness the Navy divers' grim discoveries

**CAROLINE,** here going for a ride, stayed at her own home rather than at the Kennedy compound



**FAMILY MEMBERS** aboard the cutter *Sanibel* on their way to the private ceremony, where the victims' ashes were scattered beyond the focus of telephoto lenses



shocked, blown away. This wasn't, 'Let's have 10 family members get up and say the torch is passed, time for a new generation.' None of that. This was a funeral."

ON THE DAY THAT HE WOULD HELP LAUNCH a frantic search for his nephew, Ted was leading a fight in the Senate for a more expansive Patients' Bill of Rights. But by nightfall on that Friday, when no one in Hyannis Port had heard from John and Carolyn, it was Ted who called John in Manhattan, hoping he had not left. But he got only the voice of a friend whose air conditioning had broken down and who, at John's invitation, was staying in his Tribeca apartment. Yes, John had left. No, he had not been heard from. The Senator reached Hyannis Port the next day and began the vigil. On Sunday, Coast Guard Rear Admiral Richard Larrabee switched to a search-and-recovery effort. This put an end to the hope that anyone would be found alive. Ted issued a statement of the family's

"unspeakable grief," lowered the flag to half-staff and then went to the side of the person he knew would be suffering most.

He flew by helicopter to Caroline's country house in Bridgehampton, N.Y., to comfort the niece he treats like a daughter over the loss of her brother, whom he loved like a son. There was a torch being passed after all. In the '60s, Ted Kennedy's generation orchestrated the death rituals. Now the old Senator was going to let Caroline, a member of the new generation, take charge. There were terrible decisions to be made, but not before Uncle Ted shot baskets with Caroline's kids until they could be heard squealing with delight behind the hedge.

On Wednesday he climbed back into a helicopter for the return to Hyannis Port, where he took his two sons Teddy Jr. and Patrick, a Congressman, on a gruesome chore. Seven miles from shore, they boarded the salvage ship *Grasp* and then watched as three bodies were raised from 116 ft. under

water. The cameras were far away, and Ted wore his dark glasses, but one picture captured the crumpled grief on his face. He had never looked so old.

Back in Bridgehampton, Caroline was calling the shots. She remembered how happy John had been to have engineered his wedding on Cumberland Island in Georgia in near total secrecy, and she wanted to make sure the ceremony marking his death would be no less private. So, with Ted's help, she arranged to have John buried even farther from the mainland, his ashes and those of Carolyn and Lauren Bessette committed to the deep from the deck of an American warship. Seventeen relatives arrived at Woods Hole at 9 a.m. to be taken by the cutter *Sanibel* to the U.S.S. *Briscoe*, which had steamed up from Virginia overnight by special request of the Secretary of Defense. The only things those left onshore could see were the bright whites of the officials, the black of the mourners and a puff of smoke



as the *Briar* motored out to the point at which the most powerful telephoto lenses could register just the silhouettes of the mourners. The family bore their loved ones' ashes, three wreaths and three American flags. Caroline held her husband's hand as he clutched a canvas bag. Red, white and yellow blossoms trailed the ship as it headed back to shore.

It seemed entirely right that the young boy with the salute should be buried by the Navy at sea, not far from the beach of Hyannis, where he and his father had built sand castles, and just west of the rocky shore of Martha's Vineyard, where he had spent quiet summers after his father was gone. It would have been too much for the country to watch Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis bury her son, but she was there, nonetheless, in her daughter Caroline. "It was as if Jackie were orchestrating these ceremonies," said Kennedy social secretary Letitia Baldridge.

Caroline was five years old when she

clung to Jackie's gloved hand at her father's funeral. Jackie had known that her black veil and a riderless horse were right for the slain President. So when it came time to think about how to lay her brother to rest, Caroline sensed that she should take her brother to sea, not to a plot at Arlington National Cemetery, and not to a cemetery that might be transformed overnight into another Graceland.

She was also determined to keep the family's deliberations—and its sorrow—out of view. When she found out that someone from the family was offering reporters details of life inside the compound, she asked Ted to shut that down. One of John's closest friends, former Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow, said he "paid dearly" for appearing on TV. Though he'd already booked a flight from New Orleans to New York for the memorial service, he pointedly wasn't invited.

Some reports said Ted, as curator of the

Kennedy political legacy, had urged a service that would satisfy the public need to say goodbye—something in a cavernous cathedral befitting cardinals and Presidents—even if the sad truth was that a piece of the dream had died for him this time. "You could just see this was a father-son relationship," said Senator Alan Simpson. "I'm sure it's ripped the very fabric of Ted's life." John was the little boy Ted imagined could grow up to be President. He'd taken John under his wing from the moment his father was killed, staying in the White House after the Kings and Prime Ministers and generals had left, to celebrate John's third birthday. He had led the singing of *Heart of My Heart* late into the night.

Caroline chose St. Thomas More, a small, neighborhood Roman Catholic church a few blocks from their mother's Fifth Avenue apartment, where she and John had gone to Mass as children. Despite reports of family friction over the

## JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



choice of venue, a source familiar with the arrangements told *TIME*, "From Day One, it was always going to be at this church." The church, with its English pastoral, beige-stone sanctuary, is plain, and for the ceremony it was furnished simply. Two white hydrangea flower arrangements sat on either side of the altar on the floor. To gain access, almost every guest—from Senators to *George* magazine staff members to Kennedy White House veterans—had to show an invitation about the size of an index card with the guest's name printed on it. The family was so set on privacy that not even the church staff could attend the service.

On Thursday the Senator stayed up past midnight working on his eulogy and, after flying from Hyannis Port to New York, polished it at his sister Pat Lawford's apartment. Plans were so last-minute that when staff members turned in for the night, it was still unclear whether Caroline would speak; the program was not printed until 1 a.m. It

was her decision to ask Ted to deliver the eulogy. But even if she didn't eulogize John, it was she and her children who became the emotional center of the service. She reminded the mourners about the love of literature that her mother had bestowed on her and John, and then read Prospero's speech from Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, a play in which he had performed. It was an acknowledgment that her brother had lived on a big stage but had understood that its "insubstantial pageant" would fade. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on," she quoted, "and our little life is rounded with a sleep." There were muffled sobs as Caroline's husband Edwin and her children Rose, 11, Tatiana, 9, and John, 6, lit candles and hip-hop artist Wyclef Jean sang, "It was time for me to go home/ And I'll be smiling in paradise," from the Jimmy Cliff reggae song *Many Rivers to Cross*.

There were also tears down mourners' faces when fashion-industry executive Ham-

ilton South, in his eulogy for Carolyn Besette Kennedy, praised "her graceful bearing, her special allure" as "a physical expression of an inner fact."

But Caroline was the focus of the service's most wrenching moment. Ted came close to breaking down when he reached the part in his eulogy that celebrated the closeness between her and John, the brother who, even as a grownup, would reach out naturally to grab his sister's hand. "He especially cherished his sister Caroline," Ted said in his eulogy, his voice trembling, "celebrated her brilliance and took strength and joy from their lifelong mutual-admiration society." Caroline stood up to hug her uncle as he descended from the pulpit.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE WAS A SOMBER reminder that for patriarch Ted, the grandest unseen achievement has been in finding a way to be a genuinely loving presence in the hearts of so many Kennedy chil-

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD





JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. (LEFT) AND CAROLINE KENNEDY (RIGHT)

**“John was one of Jackie’s two miracles. He was still becoming the person he would be, and doing it by the beat of his own drummer. He had only just begun. There was in him a great promise of things to come.”**

—SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY, from his eulogy of John F. Kennedy Jr.



**WORDS DIDN'T FAIL** Uncle Ted in the eulogy, and Caroline, shown here with daughter Tatiana, hugged him as he walked back to his pew

dren left fatherless. Weddings, graduations, birthdays, christenings—Teddy is always there with his booming voice, his animal imitations, his begging anyone who can pick out a tune at the piano to keep the music going. He gave Caroline away at her marriage to Edwin Schlossberg in 1986, and when it was all over, Jackie hugged him on the steps outside Our Lady of Victory on Cape Cod and beamed, as if to say what a job we have done. He toasted John at his intimate island wedding in 1996. He took John and Caroline on rafting trips. He kept vigil with them at the bedside of their mother, who succumbed to cancer at 64, and gave a eulogy at that funeral.

With such a large family, it has been a miracle that he could be so many places at once. On the day he gave away in marriage his brother Bobby's daughter Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, he went to the hospital where his eldest son Edward had had a cancerous leg amputated. Soon after, the

Senator rose skiing with young Teddy, who quickly took to the slopes on one leg. When Teddy beat him to the bottom of the hill, the Senator made a fast turn to spray the boy with snow while wiping away tears. Last Friday, at the reception following the memorial service, it was Kennedy again who helped lift the spirits of those around him. He told stories and jokes, and found his voice to sing the hymn *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*.

As he rose to the occasion one more time, Ted became the public man his elder brothers would have been proud of and the private one that untimely deaths in his family have required. Whether from too much tragedy or too little character, for a while every good thing Ted did was erased by a bad one like Chappaquiddick. But when he married Victoria Reggie in 1992, he found a partner who would change his life.

He now drinks club soda and runs off during the Senate's official dinner window

to be with his stepchildren Curran, 16, and Caroline, 13. He's a constant presence at their plays and sporting events, and has even been known to get personally involved in pulling a loose tooth.

If his private life is shaped by his love for children and stepchildren, his public one is still shaped by his concern for the little guy, the one who parks your car, rings the cash register at the convenience store, catches the early bus. As he left town he was trying to expand health care, and when he comes back from burying his nephew, he will be fighting to raise the minimum wage. Leaving the Coast Guard cutter that brought the family and friends back to Woods Hole after the burial, he shook hands formally with the officers in their dress whites but gave the crewmen in working blues a slap on the back. It was a gesture that surely would have made his nephew smile.

—With reporting by Melissa August and Ann Blackman/Washington

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

# THE LAST DAY

The final 24 hours of J.F.K. Jr.'s life were a typical whirl for someone used to the limelight. But in that very ordinariness lay the seeds of disaster

By **JEFFREY KLUGER** and  
**MARK THOMPSON**

**M**OST OF THE 49,087 PEOPLE in Yankee Stadium that Thursday night were too busy watching pitcher Roger Clemens get shelled by the Atlanta Braves to notice the man in the box seat near the Yankee dugout. Eating a Lemon Chill, sipping a Deer Park water and looking casual in a white polo shirt, he might have been easy to overlook, except, as usual, at least a few people quickly noticed. There was the television crew that spotted him and flashed his face to New Yorkers watching the game at home. As always, he looked striking on

camera. After the game, two securities traders from Staten Island summoned up the nerve to approach him. "I went down and said, 'John, if I don't get this autograph, my sister will kill me,'" one of them recalls. Without a handy piece of paper, Anthony Hahn offered Kennedy one of the pink printed menus distributed in the box-seat area; with an easy smile, he signed. It was an ordinary evening for John F. Kennedy Jr., and an equally ordinary one for the people who liked to watch him.

Yet Kennedy no doubt had a few things on his mind that night. He had gone straight to the stadium from his office at *George* magazine and was due back there the next day for another in a series of meetings with his publishing partners about the future of the young publication.

And there was a big weekend ahead: after work on Friday, he planned to fly to Hyannis Port to attend the Saturday wedding of his cousin Rory. It was, of course, a wedding he would never make. About 9:40 the next night, J.F.K. Jr., his wife Carolyn Besette and her sister Lauren would lose their life in the waters off the southwest coast of Martha's Vineyard.

It has long been a credo of pilots that death in any airplane accident is rarely caused by a single, catastrophic failure. Rather, it's usually the result of a succession of small failures, each essentially harmless, but building a sort of disastrous momentum until the weight of the accumulated errors brings the plane down. Similarly, there was nothing especially portentous on the final day of Kennedy's life that led, ineluctably, to tragedy. It's only in hindsight that it becomes apparent how the random eddies of those last 24 hours carried Kennedy, his wife and sister-in-law to disaster. The awful thing about eddies, of course, is that if only one of them had

## COUNTDOWN TO TRAGEDY

Aviation disaster isn't usually caused by a single, catastrophic failure. Rather, it's typically the result of a succession of small failures, building a sort of disastrous momentum. Such may have been the case in the hours leading to the fatal dive of Kennedy's plane, when random events conspired to leave no way out

### THE NIGHT BEFORE

■ **THURSDAY EVENING** J.F.K. Jr. and a friend took in a Braves-Yankees game from field-level seats. Kennedy gave a fan what may have been a final autograph



### AT THE OFFICE

■ **FRIDAY MORNING** In a tough market, Kennedy's fledgling magazine was fighting to stay afloat. On Friday he had a meeting with his publishing partner to hash out a new business plan. Later he worked on editorial matters



flowed another way, that disaster might just as easily have been averted.

By any measure, John Kennedy's weekend was starting out to be a good one. Six weeks before, he'd broken his ankle in a paragliding accident, and on Thursday morning, before his trip to the Yankees game, he'd at last had the cast removed. On Thursday night he was still limping as he negotiated the steps at the stadium, but by Friday he was getting around the *George* offices with the help of nothing but a cane.

On Friday morning he met with Jack Kliger, the recently named president of Hachette Filipacchi, *George*'s publishing partner, to discuss the magazine's financial state. Rumors were rife that the company had lost confidence in *George* and was ready to turn off the funding spigot. According to Kliger, however, no decision had been made, and the two were exploring how to revise the magazine's business strategy. "He and I agreed that there had

not been a well-thought-out business plan," Kliger says. "So we said, 'Let's figure out how to go forward.'" Kennedy left the meeting, Kliger says, feeling "fairly positive" about the outlook for the magazine.

Kennedy spent the rest of his day tending to editorial business in *George*'s midtown Manhattan offices and reportedly found time for an afternoon trip to a health club. And at 4:05 p.m., he sent a gentle e-mail to John Perry Barlow, a former lyricist for the Grateful Dead and a longtime friend. Barlow's mother had just died, and J.F.K. Jr., who knew something about that kind of loss, commended him for having been at her side at the end. "I will never forget when it happened to me," Kennedy wrote, "and it was not something that was all that macabre." Saturday was Barlow's mother's funeral, and Barlow did not have an opportunity to open the e-mail until later that afternoon, when its author was already gone. "It was like a voice from

the grave," Barlow says. "He said, 'Let's spend some time together this summer and sort things out.'"

Kennedy's wife Carolyn spent part of that afternoon in midtown Manhattan as well. With Rory Kennedy's wedding only a day away, she needed a dress for the occasion, and late in the afternoon she went shopping for one at Saks Fifth Avenue, eyeing the designer lines in the boutiques on the third floor. She found an outfit that suited her famously uncluttered style: a short, \$1,640 black dress by Alber Elbaz, a designer working for Yves Saint Laurent.

Lauren Bessette, the third member of the trio that planned to fly together that evening, was, in the meantime, putting in an ordinary workday in the investment-banking division at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. She intended to head over to the *George* offices, just a few blocks away, after work so she could drive with Kennedy to the Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J.,



## THE SISTERS

■ **FRIDAY AFTERNOON** Lauren Bessette, left, ended her day at Morgan Stanley around 6 p.m. and met John for a ride to the airport. Carolyn went shopping at Saks Fifth Avenue, buying a little black dress for Rory Kennedy's wedding the next day, and rode to the airport separately

## THE ESSEX COUNTY AIRPORT, N.J.



■ **FRIDAY EVENING** Kennedy usually arrived at the airport by 7 p.m. On Friday, held up by traffic, he didn't get there until around 8. With haze descending, pilot Kyle Bailey, left, decided not to fly because he couldn't see a nearby mountain ridge. Kennedy flew anyway, piloting a Piper Saratoga with lots of amenities, including leather seats



## AFTER THE CRASH ...

John Kennedy Jr.'s plane left Essex County Airport at 8:38 p.m., just after sunset, on July 16

**9:39 p.m.**

Five minutes into its descent from 5,600 ft., the plane is 20 miles from Martha's Vineyard Airport. It turns right, climbing from 2,300 ft. to 2,600 ft.

**9:40:20**

After turning right, the plane descends to 2,200 ft. and then continues to drop at 5,000 ft. per min., 10 times normal

**9:40:29**

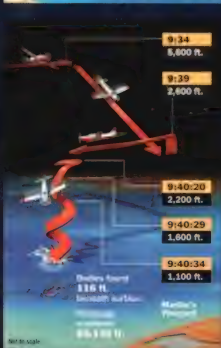
The plane's altitude falls to 1,600 ft.

**9:40:34**

The last radar contact with the plane shows its position about nine miles off the southwest coast of Martha's Vineyard at 1,100 ft. The plane may be in a "graveyard spiral" and out of control

Sources: National Transportation Safety Board; Michael Buer; AP; NOAA's National Geophysical Data Center

TIME Graphics by Ed Sabol, Joe Lertola, Jon Zell



### Potential Clues

#### Wings and Tail

All structural connections are checked to determine whether they failed during flight. Wings and tail are examined to see whether they were torn cleanly by impact, and whether rust or corrosion at the edges is evident, indicating structural damage before the crash

#### Fuel System

Examiners check to determine whether fuel was flowing to the engine

## FLYING AT NIGHT

A pilot must rely on his instruments once outside reference points are no longer visible. Some of the key gauges inside a Piper Saratoga II HP:



in his white Hyundai convertible. Some reports have suggested that Lauren was late meeting Kennedy, a potentially crucial delay. But Lauren arrived at the office around 6:30, and staff members say there was no indication that either she or Kennedy was running late. When she had left her office for the trip to Kennedy's, some noticed she was carrying a black garment bag. Before the weekend was out, that same piece of luggage—wet, wilted, flecked with sand—would wash up on the beaches of Martha's Vineyard.

Driving from midtown Manhattan to Fairfield in normal traffic usually takes about 40 min. But after work on a summertime Friday, the route Kennedy probably took—muscling through traffic along one of several West Side avenues, crawling through the choke-point entrance to the Lincoln Tunnel—can take much longer.

He and Lauren did not arrive in the neighborhood of the airport until after 8 p.m., as dusk was approaching.

Around 8:10, Kennedy pulled into the West Essex Sunoco station just across the street from the airport. Jack Tabibian, who owns the station, was accustomed to seeing Kennedy stop in when he came out to fly, but never this late. "He usually showed up between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.," Tabibian says. If J.F.K. Jr. was concerned about the late hour and the fast-setting sun, he didn't show it. Walking unhurriedly into the store wearing a light gray T-shirt, he made a bit of small talk with Mesfin Gebreegzabier, who was manning the cash register. Gebreegzabier asked after Kennedy's leg, and Kennedy reported it was feeling better. As was his custom, Kennedy bought a banana and a bottle of mineral water and this time threw in six AA batteries. On his way out, he briefly lin-

gered by a magazine rack near the front door, scanning the day's headlines.

What Kennedy was thinking as he climbed back into his Hyundai and drove across the street to the airport is impossible to know, but as a pilot, he was clearly up against it. Night was falling, and he had two stops to make that evening: one in Martha's Vineyard to drop off Lauren, then on to Hyannis Port. Earlier, Kyle Bailey, a local pilot, had canceled a planned flight from Essex because of a troubling haze that had already reduced visibility. Bailey decided to ground himself when he looked off in the distance for a familiar mountain ridge but couldn't see it. "That is a test that most pilots use at the airport," he says.

Nonetheless, around 8:30 p.m., shortly after Carolyn arrived in a black radio car, she, Kennedy and Lauren climbed inside the plane and belted themselves into its

# ... COMES A PROBE TO DETERMINE THE CAUSES

## Instrument Panel

Many instruments, notably the speedometer and altimeter, may bear impact marks that show their position at crash



## Front Canopy

They will look at the windscreens for a possible bird strike

## Engine

If the engine was working when the crash occurred, fast-moving parts will be seriously damaged

*John Kennedy Jr.'s Piper Saratoga II HP*

## Propeller

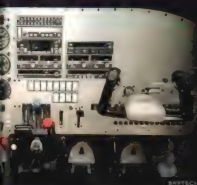
If the propeller was moving when the plane hit the sea, its tips will be curled. A tight curl indicates the blade was moving very fast upon impact. A loose curl indicates slower speed. Impact damage alone indicates the blades were not turning

## MECHANICAL FACTORS

The recovered fragments will be transported to Otis Air National Guard Base and laid out inside a hangar to approximate their original positions. Officials expect the investigation to take six to nine months

## HUMAN FACTORS

Tissue and blood samples from last week's autopsy will be examined to determine whether Kennedy may have been overcome by fumes from the engine or if he was taking medication that might have slowed his reactions. Other factors: experience, stress, fatigue or physical problems that could have influenced performance or judgment



## AIR SPEED



Generally, increases when a plane is diving or spiraling downward; decreases when a plane is climbing

## TURN AND BANK



By keeping the "ball" centered and the tiny white wings level, pilots can ensure the plane isn't turning

## ARTIFICIAL HORIZON



Powered by a gyroscope, this gauge can help a pilot level the wings and discern up from down

## DIRECTIONAL GYRO



A combined navigation and directional instrument that is vital for determining the position of the plane

## ALTIMETER



Rapidly unwinds counterclockwise during an out-of-control descent. A clockwise motion would indicate the plane is climbing

## VERTICAL SPEED



Measures up-and-down movement. Typical descent measures 400-600 ft. per min. Kennedy's probably exceeded scale

plush leather seats. At 8:38 p.m., 12 min. after sundown, the Essex tower cleared them for takeoff, and the wheels of the red-and-white Piper Saratoga left the ground.

What happened over the next hour or so—between the time the plane last made contact with the runway and the time it first made contact with water—is, for now, a matter of conjecture. The take-off, to all appearances, was a smooth one, suggesting that Kennedy's still shaky ankle did not hamper his ability to operate the Piper's pedals. Much of the flight may have been similarly uneventful, if the sketchy radar record is any indication.

Inside the plane, things must have been comfortable, even cozy. Heading east, across the Hudson and in the direction of Long Island Sound, Kennedy climbed to 5,600 ft., the typical altitude for small planes traveling by visual flight rules. To

the left, the light-flecked coast of southern Connecticut was probably visible through the haze, as first Bridgeport, then New Haven, then New London provided a sort of luminous archipelago pointing east. The noise of the engine and the wind would have made it difficult for the occupants to talk to one another, but the plane was equipped with headphones that would have made conversation easy. The position of the bodies at the crash site suggests that Carolyn and Lauren were sitting in the rear of the six-seat cabin, behind Kennedy. Overhead lights controlled by armrest switches would have allowed them to pass the time reading; a fold-down writing table gave them a place to rest a book.

Kennedy had to keep his attention elsewhere, and after a while, what he was seeing could not have pleased him. The haze that surrounded his plane as he first

climbed into the sky did not disperse, largely obscuring the fingernail paring of a moon that was out that evening. Stars were probably erased completely. Up and down the New England coast, other pilots began flying into the same soup. A number of them radioed the FAA for permission to land at alternative, inland airports, where visibility was better. But Kennedy, who never made radio contact throughout the trip, pressed on. Below his right wing, he may have seen the eastern tip of Long Island slipping past.

At 9:26 p.m., 48 min. after takeoff, things got dicier. By this point in Kennedy's flight path, the lights of Westerly, R.I., would ordinarily have been visible to the left, and the porkchop-shaped outline of Block Island should have been off to the right. Kennedy banked the plane, quickly passed the island and found himself, at last,



## JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

over utterly open ocean. It was at this moment, according to radar records, that the plane, which had been holding steady at 5,600 ft., suddenly began to descend at about 700 ft. per min. That's not emergency speed for this single-engine aircraft, but it is quicker than normal.

It's unclear why the plane was descending so quickly, but Kennedy may have been trying to drop below the haze. For nearly five minutes, the plane's descent continued at this relatively steep rate, losing about two-thirds of its altitude until it was just 2,300 ft. above the Atlantic wavetops. Martha's Vineyard was by now only 20 miles away, but if the Piper kept dropping at this rate, it would hit ocean well before it reached the landing strip. For a pilot flying in better conditions—even an inexperienced pilot—the next step would be obvious: look out your window, get your bearings and level out your plane. J.F.K. Jr. didn't have that option. No matter how low he flew, there was still haze.

Kennedy, who had earned his pilot's license only 15 months ago, now found himself flying a plane that might as well have had no windows at all. The first rule pilots are taught in a vertiginous situation like this is to ignore the signals your body is trying to send. The inner ear is equipped with an exquisitely well-tuned balance mechanism, but it's a mechanism that's meant to operate with the help of other cues, particularly visual ones. Without that, the balance system spins like an unmoored gyroscope.

According to radar records, an apparently flummoxed Kennedy now made a sudden bank to the right, away from his intended destination, and climbed briefly back up to 2,600 ft. Perhaps he was still searching for a break in the haze, or perhaps merely stumbling about. If he followed his flight training—and his reputation as a generally cautious pilot suggests he would have—he would now have performed what's known as "the scan," a quick survey of half-a-dozen key instruments that would reveal his plane's altitude, attitude and direction. But his brief experience with instrument piloting—he was certified to fly only under eyeball conditions—left him ill-equipped to handle a confusing situation. As the dials on the panel and the signals in his brain told him two different things, his eyes probably bounced back and forth between the instruments and the windows in a frantic attempt to reconcile the two. "He was like a blind man trying to find his way out of a room," a Piper Saratoga pilot surmises.

And like a blind man, he now completely lost his way. After holding altitude at 2,600 ft. for about a minute, the plane again turned right and began descending. Assuming Kennedy was still scanning his instruments, the dial that would probably have seized his attention was his rapidly unspooling altimeter. Inexperienced pi-

**"He was fully qualified to fly. I think he went into a spin and just lost it."**  
—PRIVATE PILOT DAVID ANDREWS



**DEJA VU** Nearly 36 years ago, flags flew at half-staff for the father. At Hyannis Port, they were now lowered for the son

lots often focus on this dial alone and do the logical thing to reverse its plunge: pull hard on the nose to try to level out the plane. But without a practiced ability to read all the instruments, Kennedy may unknowingly have been not only descending but also turning. Pulling up the nose without first leveling the wings and dampening the turn would only tighten the spin, putting the plane into a so-called

graveyard spiral. Within seconds, the plane was plummeting toward the water at 5,000 ft. per min.

Trying to guess the atmosphere in the cockpit during the last 15 sec. or so before the plane hit the sea will always be speculation—and grim speculation at that. It was probably terrifying as the trajectory steepened. It was almost certainly quick—mercifully quick—when the last bit of sky ran out and the water met the plane like an asphalt runway. Death, at that speed, is instantaneous, and well before the wreckage of the Saratoga could descend the 116 ft. to the bottom of the darkened Atlantic, its three occupants were gone.

THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRPORT IS A TINY place, a collection of modest buildings that are more bungalows than terminals. When the occasional military cargo plane has to land there, it looks almost comically whalelike sitting on the tiny ribbon of runway. If you were planning to meet someone arriving by private plane at a certain time on a Friday night, you'd know almost immediately if your party hadn't shown up. When a couple approached Adam Budd, a 21-year-old airport intern, and reported that they were there to meet a Lauren Bessette but that she hadn't arrived, there was thus little possibility that they had simply missed her at the gate. At 10:05, Budd phoned the FAA station in Bridgeport, Conn., and asked if someone could track Kennedy's plane. The FAA, unsure who Budd was, explained that this was not the kind of information given out over the phone.

In Kennedy's apartment in New York City's Tribeca neighborhood, the phone rang not long afterward. It was answered by a friend of John and Carolyn's whose air conditioning had broken down and who had been invited to stay at their apartment. The late-night caller was Senator Ted Kennedy, who had learned that his nephew's plane was overdue and was wondering if perhaps he had never left New York. The friend, alarms probably going off, informed him that he had.

It was not until 2:15 a.m. that a Kennedy-family friend made a call to the Coast Guard—a much more urgent call than Budd's—and the search for the lost plane at last got under way. Six days later, after the plane was found and the bodies were recovered, their ashes were committed, forever, to the deep. —Reported by William Dowell, Jodie Morse and Elizabeth Rudolph/New York, Greg Fulton/Atlanta and Dick Thompson/Cape Cod

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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

## The Kennedy family business is public life, but it's not just politics anymore

By RICHARD LACAYO

**J**OSEPH P. KENNEDY, FOUNDER OF THE Kennedy clan, wanted badly for his sons to conquer Washington. But he didn't much like the term politics, a word that opened too easily onto whole vistas of abandoned ideals and fishy dealings, something he was sensitive about as a businessman accused of bootlegging and stock manipulations. What Joe preferred was the more sanitary phrase public service. All the same, Joe's main notion of public service was the kind that gets you a seat in Congress and then a desk in the Oval Office. So when it came to choosing their lifework, Kennedy's sons had no options. Long before voters ever heard of Jack, Bobby or Ted, their father aimed them at Washington. To be the elect in the Kennedy family meant simply to be the elected.

After the smoke of the 1960s cleared, after Jack and Bobby were buried and Ted drove his presidential prospects off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, the rest of the nation looked reflexively to the next generation of Kennedys to see which of them would end up on campaign posters. A lot of them had the same Kennedy twinkle, the same robust manner that had helped make their elders the stuff of legend. Many had the family's customary moral earnestness and alertness to any instance of social justice denied. But of 29 cousins, only four have so far gone on to elected office. Ted's son Patrick is a Congressman from Rhode Island. Mark Shriver, the son of Eunice Kennedy and Sargent Shriver, is a second-term Maryland state legislator. Bobby's daughter Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is that state's Lieutenant Governor. Her brother Joe II was a six-term Congressman from J.F.K.'s old Boston district before he retired from politics last year after a brief bid for the Massachusetts governorship.

And it's probably not coincidental that those last two are Joseph Kennedy's eldest grandchildren, the ones closest in time to his message about the supreme importance of elected office. At the age of 17, Joe II was already asking, "What other way is there for someone like me to accomplish something of value?" It turns out there were plenty of other ways. Among the Kennedy cousins, public service is still a



KENNEDYS OF THE  
FUTURE: Patrick,  
Ted, Joe and  
Kathleen went the  
electoral route

# IT'S ALL IN



# THE FAMILY

kind of genetic predisposition. But most of them have done what J.F.K. Jr. did: served public purposes through private means, by way of charitable foundations or lives of activism pursued far from any campaign trail.

Ten years ago, when he was just 23, one of the Shriver cousins, Anthony, started Best Buddies, a nonprofit program dedicated to finding friendships and job opportunities for the mentally disabled by hooking them up with student/mentors and potential employers. Bobby's daughter Kerry Kennedy Cuomo founded the R.F.K. Center for Human Rights, which promotes the work of rights activists around the world by providing them with money and networking opportunities. Her sister Rory, whose wedding the Kennedy-Bessette plane was headed for when it went down, is a documentary-film maker whose work on drug-addicted mothers and hardscrabble farmers gives flesh and substance to those otherwise threadbare words "the poor." Her film *American Hollow*, about a struggling family in Kentucky, will be featured on HBO in November. After the uproar surrounding his trial and acquittal on rape charges eight years ago, William Kennedy Smith, the doctor son of Jean Kennedy and Stephen Smith, started a foundation called Physicians Against Land Mines, which aims to campaign against them and assist their victims.

And John Jr. quietly boosted the career prospects of hundreds of mental-health-care workers through an imaginative operation he founded called Reaching Up, which helps them get training and higher degrees. John was editor of *George*, of course, a magazine dedicated to the proposition that politics these days is just one more department of the all-encompassing glamour industry. Regardless of whether that's much of a premise for a magazine about public affairs, it at least has the virtue of understanding that politics is not just a matter of who places where in the Iowa caucuses. Recently Ted Kennedy had been encouraging John Jr. to become head of the Institute of Politics at the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, a body to which the family is closely tied. John was interested, but largely because he hoped to get the institute to broaden its definition of politics to go beyond the business of campaigns and legislatures.

Maybe the model noncandidate Kennedy is R.F.K. Jr. As a teenager, he became involved in drugs, a mistake that led to his 1983 arrest for heroin possession. Unlike his younger brother David, who died of an overdose a year later, Robert found his way back from that abyss. At 45, he is a highly effective environmental lawyer and ac-

## JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

tivist. His watchdog group, Riverkeeper, Inc., has been suing polluters along bodies of water throughout the U.S. The most spectacular legal campaign ended in a deal that allows New York City to control development in the upstate watershed that provides its drinking water. In return the city agreed to pay the rural localities that sacrifice development rights around streams and reservoirs.

The notion of a wider world and the responsibilities that come with it was installed in the Kennedy psyche early on. Ted's kids were encouraged to sit in when he held staff meetings at home. In summer the cousins would gather for weeks at the Hyannis Port compound, where each night they were expected to arrive at the dinner table ready to discuss one current event. Campaign experience came early too. From childhood, the cousins were squirming onstage at rallies. Kathleen got on-the-job training in Uncle Ted's 1980 presidential campaign. Joe II ran the Iowa operation.

At the same time, it's not hard to see why the younger Kennedys would have second thoughts about pursuing public office, and not only because Jack and Bobby were assassinated. For one thing, when Jack, Bobby and Ted were growing up in the 1930s and '40s, the press wasn't watching their every move. But the Kennedy cousins have suffered the attention of the media from the moment they were old enough to cut a high school class or fail a bar exam. It's enough to make any sane person wary of doing anything that would bring the media further into one's life. Like run for office. Last year, when Joe II retired from the House and from politics altogether, he had just gone through two public embarrassments. His ex-wife Sheila Rauch Kennedy had published a book in which she claimed that he had improperly used his influence with the Catholic Church to have their 12-year marriage annulled. And his brother Michael, who was managing Joe's brief campaign for Governor, was in the news for having carried on a long affair with the family baby sitter that allegedly started when she was 14. As the scandal was moving off the front pages, Michael died in a freak ski accident.

There was also the problem that the



**THE OTHER WAY** Environmentalist R.F.K. Jr. did good without office. His watchdog group fights water pollution

Kennedys share with everyone descended from a famous forebear—how to escape seeming a pale version of the original, like Frank Sinatra Jr. Joe Kennedy, who came to Congress worried that he could never match the luster of his famous elders, once told friends, "Every time I speak, a lot of people expect to hear President Kennedy's Inaugural Address."

Even Joe began his public-service career in the semiprivate sector, though he did it as a kind of springboard to his political career. Twenty years ago, he started Citizens Energy, a nonprofit corporation that

provides low-cost heating fuel to the poor. When he was first elected to Congress in 1986, he complained bitterly and in public about how much it frustrated him to be a powerless freshman after running his socially beneficial fuel operation. After leaving the House, he returned to his job there, having absorbed the lesson that a well-run nonprofit corporation—Citizens Energy is a half-billion-dollar-a-year operation—can sometimes do as much good as a government program, or even more.

He had also absorbed the lesson that it's possible to serve the public and oneself at the same time. In TV spots last winter, households interested in purchasing discount fuel from Citizens Energy were asked to call a toll-free number that just happened to be 877-JOE-4-OIL. Maybe he's not entirely out of politics.

But nobody ever said philanthropy has to be utterly free of personal motives to be effective. Even the family's longtime devotion to the mentally disabled has its first impulse in the shadowed legacy of the Kennedy sister Rosemary, who has lived for decades in a Catholic care facility in Wisconsin. Born mildly retarded in 1918, she was made much more so after her father made the questionable decision to subject her to a prefrontal lobotomy. With that episode as a constant backdrop, even the best-intentioned Kennedy efforts on behalf of the mentally disabled will seem partly an attempt to reconcile with a past the

family cannot undo. But what may have started as something like a penance long ago is now one of the family's most useful devotions.

Nobody expects the Kennedy cousins to completely abandon the family business of ordinary politics. Patrick, just 32, is well positioned to move someday from the House to one of Rhode Island's Senate seats. Kathleen's ambitions for higher office are no secret. Joe II once reflected on what drove him and his cousins into an outside world where they often got rough handling and worse. "In this family, when you're called, you go." A lot of the younger Kennedys have managed to go their own way all the same.

—With reporting by Nadia Mustafa, *Drexel Philadelphia* and Flora Tartakovsky, *New York*





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# AT YOUR SERVICE

A generation ago, the Kennedy clan reigned over America's political landscape. Now the family is becoming known for its private activism more than its traditional politics

## ROSE AND JOE SR.

**“For unto  
whomsoever much  
is given, of him  
shall be much  
required . . .”**

—Luke 12: 48,  
often quoted by Rose Kennedy

### Joseph and Rose Kennedy 1888-1969, 1890-1993

■ The driving force of Kennedy ambition, Joe worked tirelessly to promote his sons' political careers. Rose imbued both her children and grandchildren with a strong sense of family and social responsibility



WIDE WORLD

The Kennedy men entered politics, while the women founded philanthropies

### John F. Kennedy 1917-1963

■ Congressman, Senator, President and political martyr, he created the Peace Corps

■ Wife Jackie supported the arts but is best remembered for helping save New York City's Grand Central Terminal from the wrecking ball

### Eunice Kennedy Shriver 1921-

■ A social worker in Harlem during the '40s, she runs the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation, which helps the mentally retarded. She founded the Special Olympics and is credited with its success

■ Husband Sargent Shriver headed the Peace Corps. In 1972 he was George McGovern's running mate

### Patricia Kennedy Lawford 1924-

■ Known primarily as a socialite, she also founded the National Committee for the Literary Arts

## THEIR GRAND

While only a few of this next generation of Kennedys have chosen politics, most continue to participate in public service

### Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg 1957-

■ Involved with American Ballet Theatre, the J.F.K. Library Foundation and the Profiles in Courage Awards

### John Kennedy Jr. 1960-1999

■ Started Reaching Up, to assist health-care workers who work with the mentally handicapped; involved in the Robin Hood Foundation, the J.F.K. Library Foundation and Harvard's Institute of Politics

### Robert Shriver III 1954-

■ Directs the West Coast office of Special Olympics

### Timothy Shriver 1959-

■ President and CEO of Special Olympics

### Mark Shriver 1964-

■ Maryland state legislator since 1994. Founded the Choice Program to provide counseling and jobs for troubled kids in Maryland

### Anthony Shriver 1965-

■ Started Best Buddies, which pairs students and employers with the mentally handicapped



**ADVOCACY** From left: Rory, Ted Jr. and Kerry; John Jr. and Caroline at the Profiles in Courage Awards; R.F.K. Jr. with kids; Joe at a rally

## THEIR CHILDREN



**“Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country.”**

—President John F. Kennedy



### **Robert F. Kennedy** 1925-1968

- As U.S. Attorney General for his brother and later Senator from New York, he worked to fight poverty and promote civil rights
- Wife **Ethel** created the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, a foundation that fights poverty and human-rights abuses

### **Jean Kennedy Smith** 1925-

- In 1974 she began Very Special Arts to foster art for the handicapped. She was recently Ambassador to Ireland
- Late husband **Stephen Smith** managed both of R.F.K.'s campaigns

### **Edward Kennedy** 1932-

- U.S. Senator from Massachusetts since 1963 and a tireless stalwart of causes such as universal health coverage

**SERVICE** Clockwise from left: J.F.K. chatting with miners in 1960; Eunice Shriver at the Special Olympics; Jean Smith, Patricia Lawford, R.F.K.; Ted with Bill Cosby



## CHILDREN



**“In this family, when you're called, you go.”**

—Joseph Kennedy II



### **Robin Lawford** 1961-

- Wildlife conservationist; fund-raiser for the Kennedy Child Study Center in New York City

### **Kathleen Kennedy Townsend** 1951-

- Lieutenant Governor of Maryland since 1995

### **Joseph Kennedy II** 1952-

- Massachusetts Congressman 1986-98. Founded and heads Citizens Energy Corp., which provides inexpensive heating oil to the poor

### **Robert Kennedy Jr.** 1954-

- Attorney for Riverkeeper Inc., a group dedicated to cleaning up the Hudson River

### **Courtney Kennedy Hill** 1956-

- Human-rights activist, notably for accused I.R.A. terrorist Paul Hill, who is now her husband

### **Michael Kennedy** 1958-1997

- President of Citizens Energy Corp. until his death

### **Kerry Kennedy Cuomo** 1959-

- Founded R.F.K. Memorial Center for Human Rights

### **Christopher Kennedy** 1963-

- On the board of the Greater Chicago Food Depository, feeds the hungry

### **Maxwell Kennedy** 1965-

- Running Uncle Ted's Senate campaign. Co-heads the Watershed Institute, preserving urban ecosystems

### **Douglas Kennedy** 1967-

- A founder of Third Millennium, which tries to engage young people in national issues

### **Rory Kennedy** 1965-

- Documentary filmmaker with a focus on social issues

### **William Kennedy Smith** 1960-

- Co-founded Physicians Against Land Mines, which helps victims

### **Edward Kennedy Jr.** 1961-

- Created Facing the Challenge, which promotes self-help programs for the handicapped

### **Patrick Kennedy** 1967-

- Rhode Island Congressman since 1995

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

# ANSWERING THE CALL

All Kennedys share a zeal to serve. But each has chosen a different path



**At events like the Special Olympics, John's fame was a draw**

Deborah Shanley, a Brooklyn College dean, "is that you're never going to have quality care if the people in this field can't afford to get into undergraduate programs, can't elevate their skills and have no hope of moving up the career ladder."

Kennedy developed a program of elegant practicality that became a \$50,000 winner. Reaching Up helps health-care workers help themselves through training programs it has persuaded local officials to fund at several New York colleges. Hundreds have learned to do their jobs better through the training, and many have been promoted as a result. Kennedy also lent the family name—and with it, a measure of respect—to the Kennedy Fellows, a group of 75 health-care workers chosen each year for \$1,000 scholarships.

"But it wasn't just the money," says Margaret Wallace, who emigrated from Jamaica in 1980 and was a poorly paid teacher's assistant for the blind before becoming a Kennedy Fellow in 1992. John was personally involved, "asking, how is the course work, what job do I want to do, what's my future?" Wallace got a degree in special education last year and now teaches those with cerebral palsy. Nearly all the 400 fellows over the years have stayed in the disabilities field.

Reaching Up was the culmination of years of experimenting with public service. When Kennedy was younger, he dabbled in groups his mother supported and embarked on vaguely beneficent adventures in Africa and elsewhere. In 1985 he studied health care at the University of Delhi in India. Trouble was, when he asked himself what he could do for his country, he didn't quite know the answer. The day after Kennedy passed the bar exam in 1990, family friend Ted Van Dyk phoned him at his desk in the Manhattan D.A.'s office. "I said, 'How do you like it there?' And he said, 'Oh, it stinks. I'm just going to do this for a while to meet my family's expectations, and then I'm going to do something else.'" As John grew older, "he became less flip about things," says Richard Wiese, a fraternity brother from Brown University. "He was always socially conscious, but he matured [and] was starting to put some of his assets to use."

## GIVING MORE THAN MONEY

By JOHN CLOUD

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO EASY FOR HIM just to write a check. People who write checks—at least those of the size he could afford—nibble foie gras at fancy fund raisers and cut ribbons at buildings named for them. Checks are simple.

But John Kennedy Jr. never took a simple path to public service. Not at 15, when he and his cousin Timothy Shriver trekked to Guatemala to help earthquake survivors rebuild. Not in his 20s, when he helped devise a program to improve treatment for the disabled that started in gritty New York City neighborhoods and is now being copied overseas. And not when a charity he worked with wanted to know how kids in a drug-prevention program were faring, and Kennedy went to talk with some himself.

In many ways he embodied a new, entrepreneurial kind of Kennedy philan-

thropy. It doesn't diminish the Shriver's Special Olympics or Jacqueline Onassis' fund raising for Grand Central Terminal to note that John practiced a hands-on generosity that reflects a younger generation of givers, folks impressed more by proved outcomes than by black-tie benefits.

Take the group that could be Kennedy's most important legacy, even if George survives. He founded Reaching Up in 1987, two years after his aunt Eunice Shriver initiated one of those peculiarly Kennedy intrafamily competitions. She assigned the Kennedy kids the task of inventing projects to help people with mental disabilities, a cause she and her siblings had long championed. The kids would vote on who had designed the best proposals, and a family foundation would award the winning ideas \$50,000 apiece.

John threw himself into the work, interviewing experts and reading academic literature. Rather than finding a needy hospital to toss cash at, he discovered a mostly ignored problem, the inadequate education and dismal pay of frontline workers in mental health. They are working poor, without health insurance or hope of mobility, yet they care for people like Kennedy's aunt Rosemary, left deeply retarded by a lobotomy, as well as millions of others with disabilities. "What he understood," says

When Kennedy did engage the world of philanthropy, he did it on his terms. "It's not like he just picked up the stock family charities," says Joseph Armstrong, a friend of Jacqueline Onassis'. He followed his mother's footsteps in the arts, patronizing a theater group and the Whitney Museum. But the staid Whitney of her day was quite different from today's, which features edgier work that Kennedy liked. He allowed his beneficiaries to get closer to the family than she ever would. According to her friend William vanden Heuvel, perhaps the only time Onassis ever opened her home for a fund raiser was at John's behest, for Reaching Up.

Kennedy was close to charities all his life and knew they could sometimes be wasteful. Even as a college student applying to tutor inner-city kids in the summer of 1982, he asked program director Iris Kinnard several pointed questions. "Was my program any good? What kind of successes had we measured? Whoa!" recalls Kinnard.

Later, Kennedy favored groups such as the Robin Hood Foundation, whose board he joined in 1991. It's part of a new breed of foundation that operates like an investment house, closely studying potential grantees and carefully measuring results. (Similarly, the Newman's Own/George awards, given by Kennedy's magazine and Paul Newman's food company, recognize not firms that give away huge sums indifferently but those that help improve their workers' lives or help create jobs in urban areas.) Kennedy appreciated the efficiency of Robin Hood, but he brought something else too. "He would look at the deep analytics of a project—say, a school we were going to fund—but then he would also say, 'Let's go talk to the kids,'" says Robin Hood chairman Peter Kiernan III.

In the past few years, Kennedy's fame meant he could grant extraordinary help with the smallest gestures. His name added to a plea for government funding would rivet politicians' attention, for example. In 1996, to aid Martha's Vineyard Community Services, he auctioned off a bike ride with him, a privilege for which a couple paid \$12,500.

What is perhaps most remarkable about his service is that Kennedy rarely talked about it. "I knew him for 15 years and saw him all the time, and I didn't know half the good works he was involved with," says a friend of John's. Kennedy often asked Reaching Up not to use his name in press releases, fearing they would lead to coverage of him instead.

Though Kennedy is gone, probably none of the groups he worked with will disappear—not even Reaching Up, which has

become integrated into New York universities and the health-care groups it helps. But all his charities will suffer. "His presence was a great draw for fund raisers, frankly," says Fred Papert, president of the 42nd Street Development Corp. More than that, "his leadership will be missed," says Bill Ebenstein, Reaching Up's executive director. "John had a way of bringing people together."

—With reporting by

Ellen Mortons and Romesh Ratnesar/New York

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

## CHAMPION OF CIVILITY

By ROMESH RATNESAR

IN 1960, ON THE NIGHT JOHN F. KENNEDY returned from the Democratic National Convention as the party's nominee for President, his two-year-old daughter Caroline toddled out of the family's Hyannis Port home to greet her father. Immediately a fusillade of photographers' camera bulbs went off, and the frightened Caroline turned away. "Don't be afraid," J.F.K. told her. "They won't hurt you." In the 39 years since, Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg has rarely run willingly into the glare of public attention. Instead she has allowed her cousins to inherit the Kennedy legacy of political ambition and her younger brother to assume the role of family icon. Meanwhile, she has tended to her three children, walked anonymously through New York City's streets and granted few extended interviews, except during publicity rushes for her two books. "She is first and foremost a wife and mother," says Paul Kirk Jr., chairman of the John F. Kennedy Library Foundation and a family confidant. "That's a key priority for her. She saw how important it was to her as a child."

The author of two books, she works mostly behind the scenes

And yet if her life has been more guarded than her brother's was, it is far from cloistered. Her mother was more glamorous and socially adroit, but Caroline shares Jackie's cultivated charm and has steadily expanded her own profile as a patron of culture and the arts. And though not driven to politics as were J.F.K. and his brothers, she has nonetheless compiled a ledger of quiet but diligent service to the public, and to her father's legacy, that reflects a commitment to civic life and a belief in the value of rigorous, reflective debate. "She has a strong sense of personal responsibility," says historian David McCullough, who sits with Caroline on the panel that hands out the Kennedy Library's annual Profile in Courage Awards. "She knows she has serious work to do. And in that sense, I've always felt she is very much a Kennedy."

Her political education came early. During Caroline's summers as a Harvard undergraduate, her uncle Ted insisted that she work in his Senate office as an intern. "He wanted her to understand how the Senate operated and what her father's place was in it," says a longtime Kennedy friend. "He made sure... she would meet the players." After college, she worked for five years at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and met her husband, the interactive-media designer Edwin Schlossberg. In 1988 she graduated from Columbia Law School and





gave birth to their first child, Rose. Soon after, she began researching a book on the Bill of Rights. In *Our Defense*, with her friend and law-school classmate Ellen Alderman. The two canvassed the country, interviewing professors, attorneys and prison inmates. "She was very, very serious," says Richard Burr, a death-penalty expert who advised the authors. "She had done a lot of homework on specific cases already, which is rare." Rarer still was her gentility. Both times she interviewed Jack Boger, then a lawyer with the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, Caroline sent him a handwritten thank-you note.

Caroline refused to exploit her mother's

publishing contacts for her book, but she wasn't disingenuous about her star wattage. "If my name makes more people want to read it," she told an interviewer in 1991, "that's fine." Says Vanden Heuvel: "She understands that because she is well known, she can get attention for the causes she's interested in. She is unpretentious about it, but she knows what its benefit can be." With the book's publication, Caroline stepped into a more visible role. After Jackie's death in 1994, she assumed her mother's place in the New York cultural scene, becoming an honorary chairwoman of the American Ballet Theatre and in 1997 joining the board of the Citizens Committee for New York City, which supports local volunteer service groups. She took over as president of the Kennedy Library Foundation in Boston. She rarely misses quarterly board meetings and often phones library staff members with ideas for new programs and exhibits.

She helped found, in 1989, the library's Profile in Courage Awards, an honor given to public officials for acts of political bravery. The 12-member panel meets every year for two days of vetting the nominees; in those sessions, Caroline is known for her intense preparation and affinity for discussion. She personally telephones winners and presents the awards at an annual ceremony at the library. This year's event, which honored Senators Russ Feingold and

John McCain, was Caroline and John Jr.'s last public appearance together. Alan Simpson, the former Wyoming Senator who is director of the Kennedy School's Institute of Politics at Harvard, was reminded of Caroline's forebears. "When I saw her step forward to make those awards, I saw the same poise and warmth and desire to participate in politics and carry on the Kennedy name."

Few think Caroline has designs on elected office, but she has become more aggressive lately about promoting public service. In May she touted the Profile in Courage Award on the *Today* show "as a way of showing how important it is for people to continue to celebrate and expect po-

litical courage." In politics, Caroline picks her moments. She turned down an invitation to serve as chairwoman of the Democratic National Convention in 1992, but she stumped for Teddy and her cousin Patrick, a Rhode Island Congressman, late in the 1994 campaign. In 1998 she lent her name to the campaign against an anti-affirmative-action initiative in Washington State and gave a speech at a U.N. ceremony in which she implored the U.S. Senate to ratify an international treaty on children's rights.

Even after John's death, she will probably stay behind the curtain of the public

stage, pouring her energies again into her family life. Her most recent book with Alderman, *The Right to Privacy*, was read by some as a veiled protest written by a woman uneasy with the public's demands on her personal space. It is actually much more—a scholarly but accessible work that aims, in some small way, to raise public understanding of a complex legal problem. "I hope it will show people there is a process for working things out," she said in 1995. "To the extent that we are all educated and informed, we will be more equipped to deal with the gut issues that tend to divide us." It's a quaint notion, perhaps more easily received in her father's time than our own. Caroline's greatest public service has come in trying to revive it. —With reporting by John Cloud and Andrew Sachs/*New York* and Ann Blackman/*Washington*

Senator Edward Kennedy

## THE SENATE'S ACHIEVER

By ADAM CLYMER

IT IS THE FATE OF TED KENNEDY THAT his failures outside the Senate have always drawn more public attention than his successes inside it. Millions of Americans, not just viewers of Jay Leno and readers of the *National Enquirer*, know what Chappaquiddick or Palm Beach stands for in the Kennedy story. They don't know that elderly people who receive Meals on Wheels owe him, as do the children who read to them through national service programs.

Yet his achievements as a Senator have towered over his time, changing the lives of far more Americans than remember the name Mary Jo Kopechne. He speaks often of civil rights as the great unfinished business of the nation, but for the past two decades no one has done more to finish it, fighting off the Reagan Administration's effort to weaken the Voting Rights Act in 1982 and eight years later advancing the concept of equality to include the disabled. Even in the shadow of the degrading rape trial of his nephew in Palm Beach, Kennedy's 1991 civil rights bill gave women the ability to sue for damages over sexual harassment.

His other deepest commitment, to national health insurance, has been less successful. But the fact that the nation is even debating a Patients' Bill of Rights is largely a result of his 30-year focus on the

Excerpted from Edward M. Kennedy: A Biography by Adam Clymer, a Washington correspondent for the *New York Times*. Copyright 1999 by Adam Clymer. To be published this fall by William Morrow & Co.



At a 1996 American Ballet Theatre gala, with another First Lady



to 18-year-olds and abolishing the poll tax. If he failed to keep Clarence Thomas off the Supreme Court in 1991, he was central to the 1970 defeat of G. Harrold Carswell, a dull racist whom Nixon nominated to the court. And he blocked Robert Bork in 1987.

He affected American relations with the world, sometimes through confrontation with the Administration—as when he battled President Reagan over South Africa—and sometimes as a spokesman who conveyed American unity on China and the Soviet Union.

He took up Northern Ireland as a cause as far back as the 1970s, speaking out against violence there, helping get Clinton involved in the peace process and nudging the Irish Republican Army to the table. Across the world, he has been an advocate of the ideals of the Declaration of Independence, never believing that its principles were too advanced for Soweto, Moscow or Santiago.

On these issues and others he stands out for perseverance. Twice in his career his party has lost control of the Senate. Other Democrats quit when they lost their chairmanships to Republicans. Kennedy seems to thrive as much on the complexities of getting things done in the minority as on the partisan delights of thwarting the majority. But it is not just persistence. He has an instinct for the rhythms of the Senate, a special knack for finding a critical G.O.P. ally, an Orrin Hatch or Nancy Kas-

sebaum on public health, an Alan Simpson on immigration, even if the Republican ends up with most of the credit. And Kennedy has displayed an optimist's willingness to settle for half a loaf, or even a slice, for the sake of working to get the rest in the next Congress. The incremental approach is what is succeeding, slowly, in health care.

Still, many people think of him as a doctrinaire liberal, a spokesman for a cause whose time has gone. That is much too simple. There was nothing liberal about denying bail to dangerous criminals or prohibiting parole in the federal system in a 1984 crime bill. Airline deregulation contradicted the liberal orthodoxy that called for as much control of Big Business as possible. For all the discomfort of cramped seats and awful food, and the loss of service to small cities with their subsidized flights cut off, more Americans than ever fly today. That is because airline deregulation made fares much lower than they were in 1978.

How should Kennedy be ranked in the history of the Senate? About the only statistical measurement is length of service, which is almost always necessary for influence. He ranks eighth, but that is a measure that puts Strom Thurmond first and Carl Hayden of Arizona second, proving its limited value. Trying to compare accomplishments in terms of major legislation passed is subjective but worthwhile. Henry Clay, with the Missouri Compromise and the

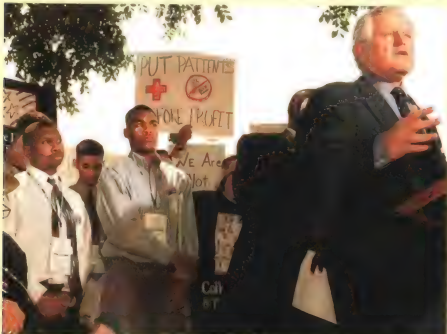
Compromise of 1850 to his credit, is in a class of his own, though the first was accomplished while he was Speaker of the House, not a Senator. In this century, Robert F. Wagner of New York, author of the National Labor Relations Act of 1935 and the Public Housing Act of 1937 and a forceful advocate of causes from unemployment insurance to anti-lynching legislation, is probably Kennedy's most credible rival.

There are Senators of great moment, who turned their party around and served the nation. Arthur H. Vandenberg internationalized the heart of the Republican Party. Everett M. Dirksen got Republicans who were distrustful of national government to acknowledge that the time had come for civil rights laws. J. William Fulbright's opposition to the war in Vietnam became


**Speaking out  
for a Patients' Bill of Rights**

problem. And if he has not yet prevailed in his greatest goal, the nation's health is still vastly better for his efforts, starting with neighborhood health centers, a Kennedy initiative of 1966, and continuing through advances in cancer research, speedier drug approvals, portable health insurance and children's health insurance in 1997.

Kennedy made elections cleaner with the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974. He played critical roles in giving the vote







You'll be eating leftover chicken satay for weeks.  
Was it the location? The band?  
Or just that **your** clients couldn't read **your**  
grand opening invitation, through all the streaks?

**How you look,**  
depends on how you look on paper



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designed to work with your HP  
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can get. The proof awaits you at  
[www.hp.com/go/ljsupplies](http://www.hp.com/go/ljsupplies).



HEWLETT  
PACKARD

Expanding Possibilities

the rallying point as the country changed its mind. Kennedy ranks with them for his battle, from the minority and against a popular President, to keep the nation from abandoning civil rights in the 1980s.

He has been less of an insider in running the Senate than former leaders such as Robert A. Taft, Ohio's "Mr. Republican," who served from 1939 to 1953, or Hubert H. Humphrey, the Minnesota Democrat who was more at home in that chamber than he ever was as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President. But while the Senate is no longer run by anyone, Kennedy, as majority leader Trent Lott complains, often manages to look as if he is running it.

Ultimately comparisons and lists from different eras are intriguing but unsatisfying. Times and even institutions like the Senate change. But Robert C. Byrd, who knows the Senate's history and how it has developed better than anyone else, probably measured him best in 1997, saying, "Ted Kennedy would have been a leader, an outstanding Senator, at any period in the nation's history."

Kennedy has often been dismissed as an eloquent anachronism, the last liberal of a conservative age, overmatched by the hopes created when his brothers died young, perhaps someone to be pitied when his personal flaws could be read as running away from the excessive demands of political inheritance.

He deserves recognition not just as the leading Senator of his time but also as one of the greats in the history of this singular institution, wise in its workings, especially its demand that a Senator be more than partisan to accomplish much. A son of privilege, Kennedy has always identified with the poor and the oppressed. The deaths and tragedies around him would have led others to withdraw. He never quits but sails against the wind. ■

**"Ted Kennedy would have been a leader, an outstanding Senator, at any period in the nation's history."**

—SENATOR ROBERT C. BYRD



**KENNEDY** Elected to Congress at 27, he's raised money and risen fast

## IDEALIST IN THE HOUSE

By JOHN F. DICKERSON

**O**N THE NIGHT JOHN KENNEDY JR.'s plane went down, his cousin Patrick was not with the rest of the family for the celebration of his cousin Rory's wedding. The third-term Congressman from Rhode Island was performing just about the only other Kennedy ritual that would exempt him from attendance—politicking. As chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, Kennedy was in San Francisco doing what he does almost every weekend—scooping up campaign cash to help Democrats win back the House of Representatives.

Patrick, 32 and single, doesn't really look the part of a Kennedy on the trail. Other Kennedys have the Mount Rushmore jaw and viscous hair, but Patrick's puffy, soft features aren't primed for statue-making. Growing up in Virginia denied him the trademark Massachusetts accent, and asthma in childhood kept him from the scrimmage line in those famous tests of the family vigor. He likes to joke that when he shows up for an event billed with the family name, he introduces himself and people ask, "Where's the Kennedy?" But the third youngest member of Congress is starting to become known for more than his shortcomings. He has surprised many by his ascent into the House Democratic leadership, leaping over more senior colleagues to the pivotal position of campaign chairman

and helping raise a record \$17 million in just the first six months.

Kennedy is not ashamed to use his famous name to boost his climb. Until last week's vigil darkened the family's Hyannis Port compound, he had planned to hold a clambake there in September for \$100,000 donors. On the stump, he often invokes his father and the memories of his slain uncles and speaks of his crusade as a thread in the great family tapestry. "Bringing the House back into Democratic control is the way he talks about contributing to the family legacy," says a Democratic leadership aide.

The younger of Senator Ted Kennedy's sons has lunch with his father almost every week, but he has not always been at ease with his family name. He has wondered aloud if he is "Kennedy enough," and he appeared to be following the more wobbly path of some Kennedys in high school when a substance-abuse problem landed him in a treatment center. At Providence College, "he wanted to get away from Washington," says former roommate Jim Vallee, who remembers that their early years were not "terribly political." But by his junior year, Patrick had found his focus, in part because of life-threatening surgery to remove a tumor near his spine. In 1988 he ran for the Rhode Island state legislature and, after spending more than \$80,000, became at 21 the youngest Kennedy ever elected to office.

Since starting in Congress as one of the few new Democrats after the Republican rout of 1994, Kennedy, then 27, worked hard to shed the "Congressboy" image that led a local radio station to mock him by playing the tune *If I Only Had a Brain*. One who has been impressed is House minority leader Dick Gephardt. The two men share the same left-of-center ideology, and Kennedy has proved his deter-

mination and drive to his mentor through tireless campaigning for other House members and fireplug advocacy of such causes as education and health care.

At times that passion has knocked him off his hinges, as it did during a gun-control debate when he used his family's tragic deaths to attack former C.O.P. Representative Gerald Solomon. "Play with the Devil, die with the Devil!" Kennedy screamed. During the House vote to impeach Bill Clinton, he nearly came to blows with Georgia's Bob Barr over the Republican's use of a quote from President Kennedy. These outbursts have not hurt him in the eyes of his colleagues. Says Gephardt: "Patrick has the fire of idealism and the passion that Jack and Bobby had and that his dad has." For a Kennedy scion on the rise, that's a procession he's happy to join.

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend

## JUST LIKE HER FATHER?

By SALLY B. DONNELLY

**W**HEN PROFESSOR DAVID TOWNSEND and his former student Kathleen Kennedy were married, their friends gave them a potter's wheel. It seemed like a good idea at the time. "Kathleen has all the attributes [for it]: focus, persistence, a spiritual side and immense desire to complete the work," says David. She was destined, he thought, to be a wonderful wife, mother—and potter.

The potter's wheel sits still now, covered by cobwebs, in the basement. And Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, 48, the Lieutenant Governor of Maryland, has emerged as the most promising of the next wave of political Kennedys. Although she is the only Kennedy ever to lose an election—she was beaten in a congressional race in 1986—she has since been elected twice statewide. And after five years in the job, where she has focused on fighting crime and boosting economic development, she is preparing to run for Governor in 2002. Her ambitions still reach beyond the state line.

Townsend is the most moderate among the third generation of vote-seeking Kennedys. Her initiatives on the social front are infused with moral reproof. Break the Cycle, for example, is an antidrug effort that requires offenders on parole or proba-

tion—those most likely to go back to a life of crime—to take frequent drug tests and face harsh and escalating penalties if they fail. "Her landmark work on crime, community service and character education serves as a national model for New Democrats," says Al From, president of the Democratic Leadership Council.

"It wasn't obvious my wife would ever become a public person," David told TIME. "It took a long time." And certainly it was not assumed, even by the election-oriented Kennedys, that the girls in the family were meant for the job. But the young Kathleen, as the first grandchild of Joseph Ken-

in 1972. They were married in 1973, and a law degree and children followed. Her involvement in politics consisted mainly of volunteering for her uncle Ted's campaigns and stumping for local and congressional Democratic candidates. But two years after the family moved to David's home state of Maryland, in 1984, she decided to run for a congressional seat. The district was strongly Republican and the Democrats were in disarray, but Kathleen told her husband, "Someone has to run, and this is where my kids are going to grow up." She ran as a Townsend and lost. "That loss was good for her," says former U.S. Senator

Joe Tydings, who has been close to the family for decades. "Kathleen is just like her father. She is a learner. She had a lot to learn."

Speech coaches, contact lenses, makeup and hairstyling were part of that education. When gubernatorial candidate Parris Glendening chose her to be his running mate in 1994, experts doubted she would help the ticket. But her name recognition—this time she used Kennedy Townsend—and her fundraising skills proved them wrong.

Townsend has taken her father's admonition to heart and added to it the special stoicism that comes from being the tribe's eldest. Her family nicknames include "Clean Kathleen," "the Nun" and "the Un-Kennedy." Says longtime friend Tim Hagen, a former local politician in Ohio whom she met while working for her uncle Ted's 1980 presidential campaign: "At times Kathleen is so resolute she does not accept the irreconcilable." Indeed, her staff says one of her favorite words is "unacceptable."

The weekend John Kennedy Jr.'s plane went down, Townsend was in Hyannis Port helping friends and family deal with the tragedy. "Kathleen has no time for self-pity," says someone close to the family. "She knows she and her family have been blessed in so many ways." She spent last week mostly at home with David and their four daughters.

Townsend has discovered her political talents relatively late in life, but her husband believes it is a natural development for her. Kathleen is still shaping things, but this time it's civic life. "Politics is like pottery, only with a different kind of clay."



**YES, LIKE HER FATHER** Eldest of the family's third generation, she came to politics late

nedy, was nonetheless expected to serve in some way. Two days after President Kennedy was assassinated in 1963, Kathleen's father Robert wrote his 12-year-old daughter a note on White House stationery: "As the oldest of the next generation you have a particular responsibility... Be kind to others and work for your country. Love, Daddy."

Like many in the clan, Townsend grew up with football and politics and the Washington social swirl and got the requisite Harvard degree. She courted David during a trip down the Mississippi River on a homemade raft just after Hurricane Agnes

Roger Rosenblatt

## The Measure of a Life

**I**F PEOPLE MEAN ANYTHING AT ALL BY THE CANT EXPRESSION "untimely death," they must believe that some deaths run on a better schedule than others. Death in old age is rarely called untimely—a long life is thought to be a full one. But with the passing of a young person, one assumes that the best years lay ahead and the measure of that life was still to be taken.

History denies this, of course. Among prominent summer deaths, one recalls those of Marilyn Monroe and James Dean, whose lives seemed equally brief and complete. Writers cannot bear the fact that poet John Keats died at 26, and only half playfully judge their own lives as failures when they pass that year. The idea that the life cut short is unfulfilled is illogical because lives are measured by the impressions they leave on the world and by their intensity and virtue. What one learns of the man suggests that John F. Kennedy Jr. led a very good life indeed, and if one calls his death untimely, it means only that one wished for more.

Time and value, in fact, have little to do with each other; the good die young, old and in between. It took Lincoln considerably less time to write the Gettysburg Address than it did for the Chinese to build their Great Wall, but given the choice, I for one would take the speech. Kennedy accomplished a number of quite valuable things in his life—specifically in programs for the disabled that helped the helpers of the disabled extend their education. The ripple effect of that sort of public service widens forever.

In some way, a life ended in youth may be superior to a prolonged existence subject to revisionism and conspicuous error. Death turns "potential" into realization; what one could have done becomes in effect what one did. If the outpouring of sorrow at Kennedy's death were driven by his family name, by his boyish, bouncy manner with the public, or by his good looks alone, one might be reasonably churlish in putting it down to counterfeit emotion. But the more one learns of his works, the things he accomplished with his time and money—the practical good sense of them; the gracious, modest style that attended them—the more one appreciates that this was a life worth mourning. Those who feel that journalism's coverage of his death has been overdone do not understand that there is a news of feeling as well as fact; and the feeling for Kennedy has come from fact.

Shortly before he died of lymphoma, the great writer and physician Lewis Thomas, whose books turned science into a way of appreciating the grandeur of the world, told me he thought the true measure of a life was that it be use-

ful. He wondered in those last days if his own life had been useful, and many thousands of readers assured him that it had. Lewis died at 80, but he was fairly young when he did the bulk of his most useful work. "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be," cried Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. Not always. Poetry replies to Rabbi Ben with A.E. Housman's "To an Athlete Dying Young" and comes up with no more startling a conclusion than that a life is what one makes of it.

Celebrity is hardly a prerequisite. Kennedy's life would have been just as valuable had he been, to use another poet's phrase, a "mute, inglorious Milton." A beloved colleague at TIME died recently who was unknown to most of the world, save the friends she cherished, yet gestures of friendship were her public service.

The measure of a life is often taken in the smallest units. On television, a parking attendant in the garage that Kennedy used mentioned that Kennedy came over personally to wish the man a merry Christmas every year. A middle-age African-American woman with whom he worked in one of the programs he supported was in tears at the recollection of continuous small acts of kindness. The sudden garden that has developed on the front steps of Kennedy's loft building began simply with neighbors paying homage to a neighbor. From such fragments of evidence a whole life is constructed, or reconstructed. The pity for the rest of us is that sometimes one learns of the measure of a life only because it is over.

When a man dies, a civilization dies with him. Whatever constituted his being—his gait, manners, tone of voice, political opinions, appearance, his particular use of language, philosophy, sense of beauty, sense of style, his personal history, ambitions, his smile—all go. Everything dies but the reverberation of his works in the lives of others; and so, while an individual civilization dies, the greater one profits. We call such deaths tragedies because the force of the life has been of great magnitude; yet tragedy from the point of view of the audience is high art, and one is filled with as much admiration as grief.

Keats chose as his epitaph "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." He believed that his life would be viewed as without consequence, and that he would be but one more transitory figure among the yearning and striving masses. Kennedy, too, I think, would have had his name writ in water, thus the appropriateness of his sea burial, because the best public servants disappear into the world, whose pain they feel. Every name is writ in water, which flows through us all.









NATION

# Affirmative-Action Face-Off

Florida Republicans are resisting Ward Connerly's fight against racial preferences



By ADAM COHEN TAMPA

IT'S LUNCH HOUR IN DOWNTOWN TAMPA, Fla., and a team of paid petitioners is doing a brisk business signing up opponents of affirmative action. "White men love it," Gloria Brown, the bubbly grandmother heading up the petitioners, says with a laugh. "They might already have walked past me, but when I tell them it's anti-affirmative action, they come back and sign." But Brown is also getting plenty of signatures from white women, Hispanics and blacks.

The Florida petition drive is aimed at putting a referendum on the ballot next year to bar state and local governments from using race in hiring, contracting and school admissions. It's the latest effort of Ward Connerly, the controversial mixed-race businessman who got similar measures passed in California in 1996 and in Washington State last year. He's made Florida his next battleground, and he plans to travel there this week to make a major speech. But Connerly hopes Florida will also be something more: a vehicle for pushing his anti-affirmative-action crusade into the center of the presidential campaign.

Key to Connerly's plan is the fact that Florida's Governor, Jeb Bush, happens to be the younger brother of Republican presidential front runner George W. Bush. If organizers get the signatures they need, the referendum will be on the ballot in November 2000—when George W.'s name could be there as the Republican choice for President. "What better place than the backyard of the prospective nominee—his brother's state?" asks Connerly. "It's guaranteed to catapult the issue." Connerly has another agenda.

He's trying to force the Republican Party and its elected officials to join his anti-affirmative-action crusade. In California and Washington his referendums won handily—54% and 58%, respectively—but Connerly had to do it with little institutional support. That pattern is being repeated in Florida. According to a recent poll, 83% of Florida's potential voters want to end racial preferences. But both Florida's Republican and Democratic political establishments have made it clear that they wish Connerly and his petitioners would just go away.

Jeb Bush repudiated the referendum after meeting with Connerly in January. "He wants a war," Bush said. "I'm a lover." Florida Republican Party chairman Al Cardenas, a Cuban American, calls the referendum "offensive." And while George W. says he supports "the spirit of no quotas, no preferences," he has declined to back Connerly's cause. Connerly says the party is betraying its core principles. "The Democratic Party is built around these hyphenated groups, but the Republican Party prides itself on supporting individual rights."

Why are Republicans—and the Bushes, in particular—running away from Connerly? It may be partly out of principle. George W., the self-described compassionate conservative, has staked out a moderate

FLORIDA GOVERNOR JEB BUSH, left, says businessman Ward Connerly "wants a war"

position on race not far from his father's New England Republicanism. He has come out for "affirmative access," a deliberately vague term that seems to include race-based outreach to minorities, something Connerly's initiatives prohibit.

Still, the bigger considerations are political. Anti-affirmative-action views may command majority support in many places, but they can make a candidate sound mean and extreme, which most Republicans don't want going into a presidential race. Such views also make it harder for the party to reach out to minority voters, including Hispanics, whom both Bush brothers have attracted. In Florida the electorate is 38% minority. Prosperous Cuban Americans, many of whom benefit from affirmative-action programs, are a force among the state's Republican voters and campaign contributors.

Connerly's forces will need 450,000 signatures to get on the ballot. But the first step is to collect 45,000 signatures, which they expect by September, and then submit their proposed referendum language to the Florida supreme court for approval. It's a heavily Democratic court and has used its power in the past to stop referendums from going to the voters.

If the anti-affirmative-action referendum makes it to the ballot, both major parties, labor and civil rights groups and two Governors named Bush will probably oppose it. But polls and the experience in other states indicate that most voters will support it. "It would pass," says Brown as she collects more signatures. "I'm seeing that out on the streets."

REFERENDUM ON RACE: A voter signs up in Tampa





N A T I O N

## Faith of His Father

George W. Bush gets specific with a plan to fund private charities. Did someone say "points of light"?

By JAMES CARNEY AUSTIN

**G**EORGE W. BUSH WAS FALLING INTO A rut. For all his early success—a gaudy lead in the polls, a \$37 million-and-rising war chest—the Texas Governor, after a month of delivering the same airy, slogan-rich speech, was sounding stale and tired by mid-July. His Republican opponents were calling him the all-money-and-no-message candidate, and the label was beginning to stick. (Sensitive to the charge, Bush half seriously asked his finance chairman if there was any way "to slow down" the flow of contributions.) And to make matters worse, Bill Clinton was trying to provoke Bush from the presidential podium, archly recalling how in 1991 he began his presidential bid by telling voters exactly what policies he would pursue. Pressed by a reporter in Ames, Iowa, to say when he planned to start talking substance, Bush pursed his lips and suggested he wouldn't be rushed: "There's a pace to a campaign that's important to maintain."

The pace suddenly got quicker last week. At a church in Indianapolis, Ind., Bush laid out a detailed list of proposals—complete with a promise of \$8 billion in new federal spending—aimed at expanding the role of charities, churches and community

groups in helping the poor. A Republican's pledging to increase federal spending for the poor is novel in its own right. But the speech was less remarkable for its topic—supporting faith-based institutions is in vogue with candidates from both parties—than for how Bush used it to neutralize his critics on both the left and the right. By pursuing a liberal end with conservative means, Bush placed himself and his guiding philosophy of "compassionate conservatism" smack in the center of the political spectrum. Sighed a top Democratic operative in Washington: "I hate to admit it, but it was a damned good speech."

Even as he appealed to Christian conservatives by extolling the "transforming power of faith" to change lives, Bush chided his own party for hardheartedness. "We must apply our conservative and free-market ideas to the job of helping real human beings," he said, "because any ideology, no matter how right in theory, is sterile and empty without that goal." And while he labeled his chief Democratic rival, Vice President Al Gore, an out-of-touch "Washington politician," Bush also lectured conservatives that "government is

**"HELPING REAL HUMANS"** Bush acting out a song last week at a church school in Indiana.

not the enemy of the American people." Even Bush's father was an indirect target. "It is not enough [just] to call for volunteerism," said W., suggesting that simply praising charities as President Bush once did with his "points of light," without offering them government assistance won't cut it.

Yet much of the younger Bush's rhetoric about compassionate conservatism is taken directly from his father's. In 1988, more than a decade before W. made "prosperity with a purpose" a presidential campaign slogan, then Vice President Bush was saying that "prosperity with a purpose means giving back to the country that has given you so much." The difference is that the elder Bush's compassion for the less fortunate came across as noblesse oblige, while the younger Bush has made it the emotional core of his campaign.

Bush and his staff love to boast about how, in contrast to the current Administration, they don't rely on polls to set policy. But TIME has learned that while Bush's campaign hasn't done any polling, earlier this year it did play videotapes of the Governor's explaining his compassionate conservative philosophy in front of several focus groups, testing the participants' reactions to what he said. His proposals may succeed in capturing the center of the electorate, but whether they can succeed as policy is another matter. Will Marshall, president of the Progressive Policy Institute, a centrist Democratic think tank, warns of "a tendency among conservatives to overstate the capacity of churches and civic actors to deal with social problems." Robert Reitor, a welfare-policy expert at the conservative Heritage Foundation, is concerned that Bush's plan would

**"The common good... is not common until it is shared by those in need."**

—George W. Bush

funnel tax dollars to left-leaning groups with effective lobbyists. "Why would any Republican come up with a proposal that preferentially gives money to these groups?" Reitor asks.

Such fears haven't spread within the G.O.P. Many rank-and-file Republicans are like Tom Kapanka, 43, a school administrator from Waterloo, Iowa, who prefers social conservatives such as Gary Bauer but says he's voting for Bush anyway. "The candidates I'm drawn to are good at speaking to America," said Kapanka as he waited for Bush to arrive at a rally in Waterloo. "But I decided we need someone who can speak for America." That could be good news for Bush. After all, telling voters what you believe is part of running for President. But getting those who don't agree to vote for you anyway is part of winning. ■

# Who Needs a Tax Cut?

We do, say Republicans. Not so fast, say some economists, who would opt to pay down the debt

By JOHN GREENWALD

**C**AN A TRILLION-DOLLAR windfall really be a problem? For nearly two decades, the U.S. wrestled with huge budget deficits that burdened the economy. But now that Washington projects a \$1 trillion budget surplus over the next 10 years, the delightful news has mainly become a cause for pitched partisan wrangling.

Or so it would seem from the shrieking produced last week as the Republican-run House rammed through a measure to chop taxes by \$792 billion over the next decade. President Clinton called that irresponsible behavior, fiscally speaking, and espoused a much smaller, \$250 billion tax cut. Then he angrily vowed to veto the huge reduction.

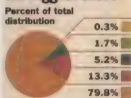
Absent politics, which is to say, in purely economic terms, the debate focuses on two issues: Should the surplus be returned to taxpayers, who put up the money in the first place? Or should it be used to pay down the \$5.6 trillion national debt and shore up wobbly Medicare and Social Security funds? "This is a wonderful problem for the U.S. to have," says Allen Sinai, chief global economist for Primark Decision Economics.

For starters, many economists doubt that huge tax cuts make sense at a time when the U.S. economy is running flat out after nearly nine years of expansion. Slashing taxes now "seems a little odd," says

THE G.O.P. TAX CUT		
What You'll Save ...		
If you make	You'll save*	
less than \$16,426	\$15	
\$16,426-\$30,963	\$96	
\$30,964-\$49,881	\$301	
\$49,882-\$81,966	\$761	
\$81,967 and over	\$4,592	

\* Figures are averages for the year 2000

## ... And Who Gets the Biggest Share



But champions of tax cuts argue that the surplus rightly belongs to citizens whose Form 1040s gave rise to it and who now deserve their money back—to do with as they see fit. As a *Wall Street Journal* editorial-page headline framed the issue last week, **WHOSE SURPLUS IS IT, ANYWAY?** Indeed, Americans now pay an amount in taxes equal to 20.7% of GDP, a post-World War II high that is up from just over 18% 10 years ago. Nor are many economists bummed by the fact that most of the benefits that would flow from the G.O.P. cuts would accrue to upper-bracket taxpayers, since they have been the hardest hit by tax increases during the past decade.

Clinton wants tax relief too, but his more modest plan focuses on the lower

end of the scale. The White House wants to funnel tax breaks into new Universal Savings Accounts, which would serve as government-subsidized IRAs for low-income earners. The heart of the Administration plan is devoted to paying off the national debt and ensuring the solvency of Social Security and Medicare. Clinton would set aside a third of the projected surplus—or \$374 billion—for replenishing Medicare funds that could otherwise expire by 2015. And he would put the interest savings that result from debt reduction into Social Security trust funds, which otherwise will run out by 2034. Moreover, sopping up red ink would ease the need for federal borrowing and pave the way for lower interest rates throughout the economy.

Although the national debt has always loomed like a monster, especially to Republicans, there are arguments *not* to kill it off entirely. If there were no debt to finance, for instance, the government wouldn't need to sell Treasury securities. Then the Federal Reserve could have a tough time managing liquidity, since its principal method of doing so involves buying and selling those securities.

Of course, debating how to use the surplus could be like haggling over the division of water in a mirage. Yet even if the estimates are a bit optimistic, the nation will still be faced with the problem of having too much money. "If we use the surplus wisely, we could cement our wealth for another couple of decades," says Sinai, who

is worried that big tax cuts now would be premature. "The task for our society," he adds, "is to make sure we don't blow it." —Reported by Jay Byrnes and Adam Zagorin/Washington



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#### Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 103	\$ 125	\$ 145	\$ 183	\$ 205
40	\$ 123	\$ 156	\$ 185	\$ 238	\$ 260
45	\$ 190	\$ 215	\$ 253	\$ 330	\$ 365
50	\$ 253	\$ 290	\$ 353	\$ 480	\$ 495
55	\$ 365	\$ 413	\$ 500	\$ 635	\$ 1,015
60	\$ 503	\$ 615	\$ 845	\$ 2,135	\$ 2,400
65	\$ 775	\$ 915	\$ 1,583	\$ 3,900	\$ 3,900
70	\$1,338	\$1,600	\$2,970	\$7,220	\$7,220
75	\$2,215	\$4,810	\$5,820	\$10,370	\$12,430

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#### Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 123	\$ 138	\$ 185	\$ 223	\$ 253
40	\$ 148	\$ 183	\$ 225	\$ 288	\$ 335
45	\$ 225	\$ 300	\$ 380	\$ 450	\$ 513
50	\$ 338	\$ 455	\$ 525	\$ 743	\$ 828
55	\$ 500	\$ 670	\$ 788	\$ 1,640	\$ 2,330
60	\$ 783	\$ 990	\$1,335	\$ 3,630	\$ 3,630
65	\$1,130	\$1,650	\$2,693	\$5,250	\$5,250
70	\$2,473	\$3,175	\$4,680	\$8,790	\$8,790
75	\$4,420	\$7,443	\$9,600	\$13,020	\$15,020

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# GET RICH QUICK

Japan's stock market is rocket hot. Want in? You should know why many locals are staying out

By JOSHUA COOPER RAMO

**O**H, WHAT A WILD RIDE! YOU would think, perhaps, that the Japanese would be used to it. After all, this is the nation that saw a helium-pumped stock market rise 500% in the 1980s, the country that experienced some of the

world's fastest economic growth from 1949 to 1991, the land where "better, faster, cooler" products are a national obsession. But frankly, the Japanese are not enjoying the financial ride they are on at this moment. Since the start of the year, Japan's Nikkei index has gone up nearly 30%. (In the U.S., the Dow has risen 19%.) The country's economy, which had been given up for dead by most of the world's leading economists, astonished analysts with a first-quarter annualized growth rate—nearly 8%—that is almost three times what the U.S. will likely manage in this fairly sizzling year. And global investors, feeling some drag in American markets, are looking to Japan for the next big ride. "The jump in the Nikkei is very real," says Chuck Clough, chief investment strategist at Merrill Lynch. "I believe it could reach 36,000 in two years." That greedy mantra—a 100% return in two years!—has sent billions of dollars and euros thundering into Tokyo. And it is freaking out the Japanese.

To some extent, you can think of this as the Minnesota Lottery Effect. You are a factory worker in, say, a St. Paul milling plant. You know your job is probably not the most secure in the world. You know you need to get some new skills. And then one day you win the lottery. Life is suddenly a whole lot better. Money, it seems, cures everything.

The problem in Japan is that even though having the new Nikkei riches may seem like winning the lottery, it's not. In fact, the money could disappear tomorrow, leaving Japan with a still troubled economy. A rising Nikkei may seem to tell the world that Japan is back, but the Japanese—and some wary foreigners—insist it is not. Says Andrew Shipley, senior economist at Schroders Japan Ltd. in Tokyo: "This is a temporary respite

from severe and chronic deflationary pressure."

The Nikkei rocket has been fueled almost entirely by foreign cash. In the last month foreigners have bought \$1.8 billion of Japanese equities on average each week, according to Bridgewater Associates, a money-management firm based in Wilton, Conn. At the same time, locals have sold more than \$2 billion worth each week. Cashing out? You bet. That imbalance between sellers and buyers finally caught up with the

market last week, which ended in a 4% dive.

The investing invasion is also playing havoc with Tokyo's economic plans. It has, for instance, jacked foreign demand for the yen to dangerous levels. The Japanese central bank has spent \$25 billion this summer to stem the yen's rise, but the exchange-rate creep could strangle a recovery before it starts.

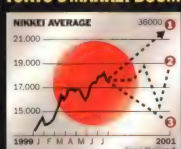
Despite the 7.9% annual GDP growth rate during the first quarter, Japan's economy remains a bloated, uncertain thing. Insiders say the spring growth blip was a one-time phenomenon—possibly even a result of inaccurate accounting—fueled by high government spending. The primary prob-



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**NIKON** ↑ 68%

## TOKYO'S MARKET BOOM



Three probable scenarios for Japan's equity market over the next two years:

◆ **A NEW BOOM (60% LIKELIHOOD)**

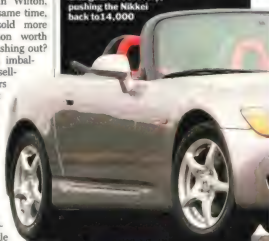
Corporate restructuring and rising earnings revitalize Japan, pushing the Nikkei to 36,000 by year 2001

◆ **THE MIDDLE PATH (25%)**

An anemic economic recovery peters out mid-course, leaves index meandering between 15,000 and 19,000

◆ **TRAPPED BY THE PAST (15%)**

Japan's ailing banking system extinguishes recovery, pushing the Nikkei back to 14,000



## Wheels of Gold

Honda is retooling for a new economic era. So far, investors are buying the plan

**HONDA** ↑ 35%

lem is that Japan's financial structure—everything from the way companies are managed to the amount of government debt—remains badly out of sync. Many Japanese companies are still chugging along as if it were 1981, complete with overweight overheads, inefficient manufacturing systems and "jobs for life." Japan's banks, long loaded with bad debt, have yet to write off many loans they know will never be repaid. And the nation's public finances—badly strained by years of gigantic "stimulus" packages—are also in a worrisome state. The government is borrowing at a feverish pace, adding \$1.5 billion in debt each day. But in the minds of investors, these arguments, solid as they may be, are old. More often than not, the world's speed investors are entranced not by true ideas, but by new ones.

And there are plenty of new views about Japan. The most popular is that the country finally has the kind of policy guidance it needs to get turned around. That leadership takes a variety of forms. The Bank of Japan, for instance, has been telegraphing with very un-Greenspan-like candor that it intends to keep short-term interest rates near zero. At the same time, an encouraging amount of "micro-reform" is under way in Japan—tiny revolutions in en-

trepreneurial companies that may forge a Japan built for the Internet age. As some Japanese like to observe, they spent 40 years building the world's best industrial economy. What you're seeing, they insist, is the agony of a nation trying to enter the world's fast-growing information-age economy.

Inside Japan, business leaders who be-

lieve the economy is snapping back propose a kind of pincer movement for national regeneration. According to this theory, the government—led by economics friendly Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi—spends lavishly to stimulate a small amount of economic growth. By putting trillions of yen in the hands of consumers, Obuchi's program saves the economy (to say nothing of his political career) and gets consumers to finally start spending. In time, that growth encourages Japan's out-of-date manufacturing firms to begin a difficult restructuring. The result is a top-down, bottom-up postindustrial revolution. And though the government has to go into hock to pay for the resuscitation, it eventually repays its deficit on the back of a newly resurgent Japan.

If the model sounds familiar, there's a reason: it's very like what the U.S. did in the 1990s. That was the decade in which the U.S. had to dramatically restructure its economy for a new, postindustrial age after the violent recessions of the 1970s and early '80s. And the revolution was accomplished with the help of lavish federal deficits (which are only now being paid down), tax cuts and extensive, bottom-up restructuring that transformed dinosaurs like Ford into world-class competitors. Ever since the Meiji era, when the nation ended centuries of isolation, Japan has proved expert at adopting American ideas to its own revolutionary needs. In the eyes of investors, at least, that would suggest that the Nikkei may indeed be the next Dow. —With reporting by Bernard Baumohl/ New York, Tim Larimer/Tokyo and Adam Zagorin/ Washington

### Cool New Gadgets

Sony is still making the world's sharpest electronics—goods that sell in any market

**SONY** ↑66%

## BEIJING'S GREENSPAN

# Currency Shadow Box

China's top banker can still make Asia twitch

IF THERE IS ANY ASIAN ECONOMIC indicator that is watched as closely as Japan's Nikkei, it is probably the exchange rate of the tightly controlled Chinese renminbi. The currency has been at the heart of worries about Asia's recovery. For most of last year, Pacific Rim policymakers were terrified that Beijing would devalue, hammering the struggling regional economies by making Chinese goods cheaper for world buyers. Such a move would also pull the floor out from under other Asian currencies.

But the Chinese refrained, offering an emphatic "We will not devalue."

So when China's top banker appeared to modify that line two weeks ago, he produced an electric effect. Speaking in the mode of opaque oracularity practiced

by U.S. Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan, Dai Xianglong didn't exactly utter a declarative sentence. But his observation that the renminbi exchange rate is "determined by the market" jolted traders accustomed to the idea that China's exchange rate is determined—and rigidly enforced—by Dai himself. Result: a tiny crisis for Asian stocks and a hiccup on China's currency black market.

Last week China's leaders were backpedaling furiously from the remark, but the fact that a single subordinate clause could be so potent was a reminder that Asia's recovery is more delicate than it looks at times. Indeed, last Friday the Hong Kong stock market fell 2%, partly because of renewed devaluation fears. At the very least, it's a lesson in Greenspanology for Dai: when speaking as a banker, there's no such thing as too opaque.

—J.C.R.





# Danube Demagogue

A magnetic Serbian dissident mixes ego and aura

**T**HE HOTTEST TICKET IN BELGRADE IS for a movie called *Knife*, a dramatic slice of the Yugoslav national theme—ethnic anguish. Serbs are packing theaters to see it for another reason as well. It is based on a novel by Vuk Draskovic, who for years has been dramatic himself in public life as a journalist, dissident and rival to President Slobodan Milosevic. The film's plot concerns a young man brought up by a Muslim woman. Muslim boy meets Serbian girl; boy

vic can be ousted by a mass movement or should be enticed to resign.

There is no doubt, however, about Draskovic's courage. He led antigovernment demonstrations in Belgrade in 1991. In 1993, out in the streets again to fight Milosevic's "Nazi fascist combination," he was arrested, beaten and jailed for 50 days. Since then, Draskovic has played a different game, shifting in and out of opposition. Just before NATO bombs began falling, he was appointed Deputy Prime Minister of Yugoslavia and became a ubiquitous apologist for his country. But in April, after criticizing Milosevic's policies in Kosovo, he was fired.

Although he made a stab at reviving the mass demonstrations of yesteryear, Draskovic puts little faith in them now. First, most rallies and marches have gathered fewer people than organizers hoped. Second, even if the turnouts were huge, marchers in the streets would be unlikely to force Milosevic out as long as the police and military remain loyal to him. That's what makes Draskovic potentially such an

**“All of us are not who we think we are. We are who we think we are not.” —Draskovic**

important player: if public pressure isn't going to push Milosevic out, it may take a palace coup. Draskovic's history suggests he would be the one holding the knife.

His weapon of choice these days is a proposal for a transitional government in which a new Prime Minister of Yugoslavia would come from the democratic ruling party in Montenegro and the Prime Minister of Serbia from an opposition party (guess who?). "That's the end of Milosevic," he says. One of the many flaws in this plan is Montenegro's determination not to become more closely involved with Serbia as long as Milosevic is still around. Perhaps the best alternative, however, would be a united front among opposition parties. But Draskovic's ego and ambition won't let him join in such togetherness: he has resolutely refused to ally himself with any of the other opposition parties. One of Belgrade's film critics says *Knife* is about reconciliation, "a hand in the air, trying to shake some other hand." But if that's the real message of the movie, its author is unwilling to hear it. —By Bruce W. Nelson.

Reported by Gillian Sanford/Belgrade

## TO BE OR NOT TO BE



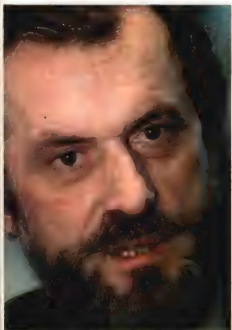
## Speed Deal

Scoring the chances of a Y2K peace agreement

Toasting Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak last week, President Clinton reported that Barak had promised he would "not sleep a wink" until peace was reached in the Middle East. The hope: Israel at peace with all its neighbors before Clinton's term ends. Can Barak do it?

**YES** Under the right conditions, Israel will return the Golan Heights to Syria, and Syria will establish normal relations with Israel. Last week quite a bit of goodwill was on display. The Syrians instructed Palestinian groups in Damascus to stop plotting violence against Israel. And Israel said it had "no problem" picking up negotiations where they left off in 1996. If Israel can finalize a treaty with Damascus, one with Lebanon will probably follow. Another good sign: Yasser Arafat is eager to establish a Palestinian state—and Barak is not opposed.

**NO** Syrian talks may stumble over the security arrangements Israel demands, notably limited-troop zones around the Golan and access to intelligence from a monitoring station there. At the same time, Israeli-Palestinian negotiations are famously immune to deadlines. The lives of the two peoples have overlapped too long to be untangled easily. What's more, a deal on one front may make an accord on another harder to sell to concession-weary Israelis. That should all be plenty to keep Barak wide awake. —By Lisa Meyer/Jerusalem



**HARD MAN:** Draskovic's physical courage is unquestioned, but his judgment is uneven

loses girl because both families object. Later, he discovers he is a Serb. The message, says Draskovic: "All of us are not who we think we are."

The obvious next question is who Draskovic thinks he is. It is not an easy one to answer. If any opposition leader has the skills and the organization to replace Milosevic, he has. A gifted orator with demagogic instincts, he heads the influential Serbian Renewal Movement. At the same time, Draskovic may be more problem than solution. He has been on all sides of key issues, both inside the government and out. He can't quite decide whether Milose-



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# Jobs' Gold

With the new iBook onstage and *Toy Story 2* in the wings, Steve Jobs has plenty to smile about

By MICHAEL KRANTZ

IT'S A CLASSIC TALE, TOLD AND retold through the ages: the hero reaches for greatness but fails, finds wisdom and maturity in scarred exile, then comes home to save his dying kingdom in Act III. Watching Steve Jobs hold his gorgeous new iBook triumphantly aloft before his assembled legions at last week's MacWorld convention in New York City, it was easy to imagine Apple Computer's interim-CEO-for-life perched somewhere in the pantheon between Odysseus and Simba the Lion King.

At 44, Steve Jobs has entered his golden age. He's rich, happily married and the loving father of three. His digital studio, Pixar, has reinvented the animation industry with such groundbreaking films as *Toy Story* and *A Bug's Life* (its next release, *Toy Story 2*, is due in November). Then there's Apple, whose resurgence since Jobs retook the helm two years ago has surprised observers who'd predicted only a downward spiral, and has delighted die-hard Mac loyalists with its new hit lineup of powerful G3s and sexy iMacs.

Now, in tangerine or blueberry, comes the iBook, Apple's "iMac to go," a clamshell-shaped laptop that promises to do for the portable market what iMac did for the desktop—sell like crazy and leave the rest of the industry playing catch-up. The iBook, available this September, morphs iMac's elegant, curvilinear design and Life Savers colors into an affordable portable (see chart) with a bunch of minor innovations and one major one: AirPort, a PC version of the cordless phone. AirPort's snap-in card and UFO-shaped "base station" (a \$400 optional package) allow up to 10

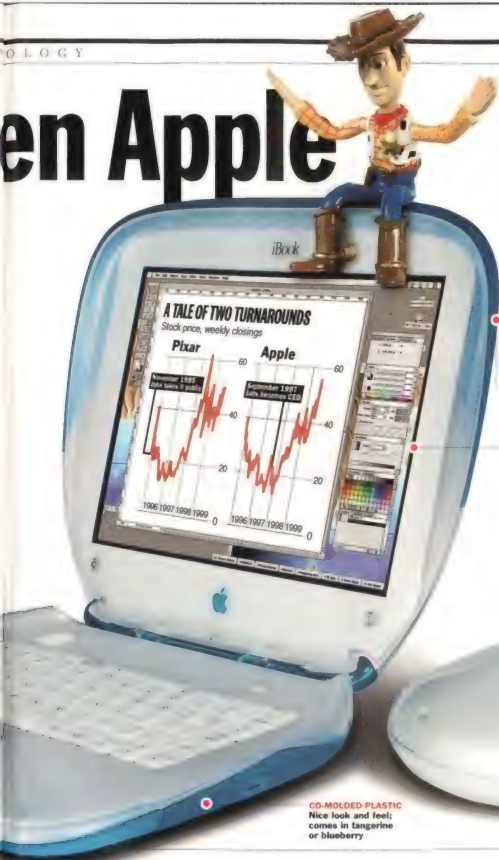
users to swap data and surf the Web wirelessly from a range of up to 150 ft., putting Apple at least a few fiscal quarters ahead of its Windows rivals in the race to free humanity from those pesky cords. Very hot.

How vindicated Jobs must feel, playing savior at the company that canned him back in 1985, dooming him to a drifting decade at his consolation-prize start-ups, NeXT and Pixar, while Apple plateaued and then sank under John Sculley and his successors. And how grateful the Mac faithful must be that the once erratic wunderkind is back in the saddle. "When Jobs returned to Apple," says Owen Linzmayer, author of the new insider history *Apple Confidential* (No Starch Press; \$17.95), "he said he was only coming back as an adviser, and I thought, 'Good,' because the last time he was in charge, he, uh, wasn't the best manager. And then when he took over, I was like, 'Oh, God, what are we in for?'"

Well, as it turns out, quite a lot. In keeping with those archetypal imperatives, the mercurial Jobs seems to have returned from the wild a far more disciplined and effective executive, but his first moves still basically consisted of tearing the place apart—restocking the boardroom and labs with trusted NeXTers, ending the belated effort to build a market for Mac clones, spiking ancillary projects like the Newton palmtop and the

**GET A GRIP** The "iMac to go" is the first laptop with a built-in handle

# en Apple



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Claris software subsidiary and replacing the bewildering tangle of product lines (raise your hand if you know the difference between the PowerBook 3400c/180 and the PowerBook 1400c/166) with just four: the G3 desktop and laptop machines for the Mac-friendly publishing and graphics communities; the iMac desktop consumer machine; and the last pillar of Jobs' four-prong strategy, the consumer laptop iBook.

Who wrote the iBook? The project employed hundreds but had three primary authors: Jonathan Ive, the brilliant, soft-spoken V.P. of industrial design; senior V.P. of hardware engineering Jon Rubinstein; and, of course, Jobs himself, official purveyor of the vision thing, who delivered his basic concept in one pithy sentence: "The iBook is something you'd throw in your backpack."

From that single idea—a machine for the backpack, not the briefcase—a thousand developmental insights were launched.

In this second Jobs era, says Ive, Apple products are designed "holistically."

#### WOODY BYTES Toy Story's gang is back



each aspect of development altering every other as the project evolves, the design group producing first sketches, then computer work-ups and finally physical prototypes in a perpetual roundel with the software guys, Rubinstein's hardware jobs and Jobs, who was a continual presence during the iBook's 18-month gestation.

Take, for instance, these three gives: the iBook is wireless, it needs a full-size keyboard, and it must make sense for schools. From here the design implications topple like dominoes. Both the wireless idea and the education focus demand long battery life, because what's the point of lugging a wireless into class if the machine is always asking to be plugged in? But being able to run for six hours (the length of a school day) demanded a large battery, which the full keyboard forced down to the machine's bottom lip. The design guys, meanwhile, had decided that the perfect latch was no latch at all, just a clamshell top that clicked securely shut, like a cell phone. The engineers by this point realized that

the heavy battery made the bottom dense enough to handle the latchless top.

And so on. At their best (which, until the iMac, hasn't been all that often), Apple products dazzle by giving us what we didn't know we wanted but suddenly can't live without. This fall we'll learn whether America's been yearning for a blueberry laptop built of bulletproof polycarbonate plastic (to make it, Ive explains, "rugged, robust, structural") and co-molded rubber (to make it "compliant, yielding, human"). And a little foldout handle. And a sleep light that throbs like a heartbeat. And a sleek, round charger whose cord rolls up like a yo-yo...

To be sure, iBook's look hasn't garnered universal praise. Silicon Valley insiders, reports a wag, "can't decide whether it looks like a toilet seat or a Hello Kitty bag." But even its detractors would have to agree that it's a striking departure for the home-computer market—and quite possibly a landmark in the quest Jobs began when he

Jobs, "knows whether it's a Mac or Windows on the other end of the line." In fact, for the home user who spends most of his computer time reading e-mail and browsing the Web, the plug-and-surf iMac is clearly a superior product—a fact vividly evidenced by the rise of Apple's consumer market share from 5% to a startling 12% in less than a year. In a little-noted but surely deliberate statement of purpose, Jobs devoted the bulk of last week's keynote to two Web initiatives: QuickTime TV, an ambitious soup-to-nuts solution for Web video, and Sherlock 2, the upgrade to Apple's zippy search engine. Even at 12%, Macintosh remains a minority, and therefore vulnerable, platform, but that computer for Everyman that Jobs has been reaching for seems closer to his grasp than it has been for a very long time.

And so, with its sights wisely fixed on cyberspace, Apple sails toward a brighter future with its interim CEO at the tiller. Even now, Jobs remains the great unknown as he shuttles in his bellies blue jeans between

Pixar and Apple, spending serious time at the former only when there's a movie coming out or a Disney exec to be placated. "We're doubly blessed," says a Pixar employee of the company's volatile leader. "We get him when it's important, but most of the time he leaves us alone." Jobs is the first to admit that his role at the studio is less

than hands on. "I don't direct the movies," he grins, making clear that that's precisely what he does in Cupertino. But he insists that this return engagement at the company he founded is just a temporary gig. A decade or two from now, he told TIME last week, "I will not be running Apple."

But no matter: for now, at least, the company is once again churning out cool products that the public is actually buying. Act III is under way. The prodigal son is home. And, against all odds, the Apple dream is alive. "Is it possible to fall in love with a computer?" asks Jeff Goldblum in a new TV ad Jobs screened last week for the adoring legions at MacWorld. Then, as a tangerine iBook dances and twirls onscreen, Goldblum answers his own question with an erotic, breathy groan: "Oh, yes!"

The place goes nuts, and Steve Jobs stands there beaming, a latter-day Moses who may yet manage to enter the promised land.

—With reporting by Janice Maloney/  
San Francisco

founded Apple two decades ago. "I remember when he pulled the white sheet off the first Mac in '84," says Tim Bajarin, a longtime Apple watcher. "Even then, he was going to create the 'computer for Everyman.'"

But he didn't, not really, though Apple products from the Lisa to the LaserWriter have certainly pointed the way. Back when the first Macs were rolling out in the early '80s, the mass market Jobs was aiming for didn't yet exist—at least not at the prices he was charging. Since then, the operating-system wars—and years of bumbling management—have taken their toll on the company. By the time Microsoft's Windows captured the OS flag, the software community had largely stopped writing programs for the Mac—a leading indicator of Apple's long, slow and very painful decline.

Today, however, the software that matters most is online, where operating systems matter less. "No website," says



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# THE IMPRESARIO IN

By RICHARD ZOGLIN TORONTO

**G**ARTH DRABINSKY DIDN'T GO TO the Tony Awards this year, even though two of his musicals, *Parade* and *Fosse*, were among the night's big winners. He didn't watch the show on TV either—too painful—though he caught a clip of it on the news up in Toronto. There was Roy Furman, the Wall Street banker in charge of the company Drabinsky had built, accepting the Best Musical award for *Fosse*, the show Drabinsky had nurtured, and thanking, vaguely, "the people in Toronto who were so helpful in starting this show." For Drabinsky, the "revisionism" is what hurt the most. "It turned my stomach," he says.

Exchange Commission, alleging that Drabinsky fiddled with the books to disguise Livent's precarious financial condition. He's been accused of hiding expenses, of misleading auditors and devising a kick-back scheme that funneled more than \$5 million to him and his longtime partner Myron Gottlieb (his co-defendant, who has also denied the charges). The legal donnybrook drove Drabinsky to shelter in his native Canada, although he is subject to extradition, which is awaiting the conclusion of an investigation by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Livent, meanwhile, careened into bankruptcy. Most of the company's assets—theaters in New York City, Toronto and Chicago, along with the rights to current shows

as I was in the production of shows, the creation of new shows, the marketing of shows, the building and restoration of theaters, would have any time left to micro-manage a huge and complex accounting system," he says. "To suggest anything to the contrary would indicate either ignorance or that somebody was lying."

In a countersuit he has filed against Ovitz and the others who took over Livent, Drabinsky blames his woes on a conspiracy to oust him. By restating the company's finances once they took over, Livent's new managers, he claims, aimed to portray themselves as corporate saviors.

Yet five former Livent employees have given affidavits stating that Drabinsky masterminded the financial misdeeds. Drabin-

He was the creator of big Broadway musicals ...



*Fosse*, a tribute to the choreographer, showed his taste for Broadway splash; *Parade*, about the lynching of Leo Frank, his social concerns

... his company was struggling ...



In theory, the income from long-running hits would fund the creation of new shows

... so he brought in new partners ...



Furman, left, had been close to Drabinsky for years. Ovitz came in after a failed stint at Disney

... who uncovered a financial mess. Now he's out, and facing charges of fraud

The drama of Garth Drabinsky, the Broadway impresario—with a capital I—responsible for such shows as *Ragtime*, *Kiss of the Spider Woman* and *Show Boat*, has taken a turn worthy of a Shakespearean tragedy. The first-act curtain fell last August, when Drabinsky was suspended from Livent, the Toronto-based company he had founded. There he had pioneered a new business model, creating a company that both owned theaters and developed the shows that filled them in New York City and across North America.

The second act has been a deluge of litigation. Following his ouster, Drabinsky was sued in Canada by Livent's new managers, including Furman and Hollywood honcho Michael Ovitz, who had taken control of the company in June. Then came a criminal indictment in U.S. federal court and fraud charges by the Securities and

and projects in development, including a new version of *Pal Joey* and *The Seussical*, a musical based on the works of Dr. Seuss—are about to be acquired by SFX Entertainment, a U.S. company with lots of concert and theater business but little of Drabinsky's creative vision or panache.

Even from a stage well out of the limelight, Drabinsky, 49, fiercely maintains his innocence. "I was absolutely steamrolled into the U.S. justice system," he told TIME. In his first U.S. interview since his legal woes began. "I want the rhetoric to be stripped away and the truth to emerge, and it will." Though he declined to answer specific charges on the advice of his attorney (who was present during the interview), Drabinsky claims in general that he was too busy running the company's creative affairs to pay much attention to the books. "It's not humanly possible that someone as involved

sky's plea of ignorance, moreover, raises some skeptical eyebrows among those who know him as a tireless, hands-on manager. As for Drabinsky's conspiracy charge, Ovitz, several sources say, actually wanted to keep Drabinsky as creative head of the company. The two met in the 1980s, when Drabinsky was head of Cineplex Odeon, a movie-theater chain that he was forced out of because of concerns that the company was overextended. Some are skeptical that Ovitz would not have discovered any financial shenanigans before betting \$20 million on an entrepreneur with a reputation for "aggressive" accounting. Yet it's equally hard to believe that Ovitz would rig a scheme that would drive his own company to ruin—and profoundly embarrass him.

Still, many of Drabinsky's Broadway colleagues are reluctant to believe the worst about him, perhaps because he was

# EXILE

## Would-be king of Broadway Garth Drabinsky is now cast as the villain. He says the drama isn't over

such an energizing presence. He was a brash, outsize producer who dreamed big, felt passionately and brought new ideas to the theater. *Ragtime*, his one great achievement, combined Broadway splash with ambitious social drama in a way probably no one else could have brought off. "He was a

showman, in the tradition of Mike Todd and David Merrick," says Bernard Gersten, executive producer of the Lincoln Center Theater, which collaborated with Drabinsky on *Parade*. "The work he did was noteworthy. Credit must be given." Creators like Harold Prince and Terrence McNally worked with him repeatedly—and happily. "He participated with passion, patience and diligence," says McNally, author of the books for *Ragtime* and *Spider Woman*. "And he cared about every second of the show."

Even rival producers who were suspicious of Drabinsky's lavish spending admired his guts and studied his moves. He created a unique, publicly traded company in which money from lucrative, long-running hits was plowed back into the development of new work. The trouble, it now seems, is that those hits weren't lucrative enough to keep Livent's furiously spinning plates from

crashing to the floor. "One of the things this proves is that the stock market and Broadway don't work together," says Marty Bell, Drabinsky's former associate producer. The rush to create multiple companies of shows like *Ragtime* and *Show Boat*, Bell says, was driven by the need for more income. "The focus was on generating cash flow for the fiscal quarter rather than what was right for the company."

Drabinsky insists that the business model he created is sound. "We built a pretty substantial company in nine years," he says. "You could touch the theaters. You could see the assets onstage. I absolutely believe in what the company was set up to do." Yet in 1997, according to Livent's restated financials, the company lost \$71 million on revenues of \$212 million. Livent's collapse has, at least for now, frightened off others who might want to copy it; Broadway producers are still playing by the old rules, raising money one show at a time.

Drabinsky is a chastened, drastically scaled-down mogul now. Yet he is eager to dispel any notion that he's on the run ("Canada is not a penalty; I'm proud of Canada") or that his creative life is over. He says he's developing a TV series that would be shot partly in New York City and is consulting on two "destination entertainment-cultural developments" being planned in Ontario. The legal morass he faces is "draining, emotionally and fiscally," he admits.

"But my spirit is good." It will have to be.

—With  
reporting by William  
Tynan/New York



# What Glass Ceiling?

Carly Fiorina takes over Hewlett-Packard, becoming the first woman CEO of a Dow 30 firm

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

**P**AY NO ATTENTION TO THE NOISE, Carleton (Carly) Fiorina was saying last week, as she was crashing through the highest of glass ceilings to become the CEO of computer maker Hewlett-Packard. Although her appointment has not been so ballyhooed as Sandra Day O'Connor's becoming the first woman Supreme Court Justice or Geraldine Ferraro's running for Vice President—or, for that matter, America's women winning the soccer World Cup—it is arguably more important than any of those milestones. If women have made great strides in gaining parity in politics and

spin-off. But if she were merely another old, white male appointed CEO by an old, white male board of directors, then her assuming the mantle would be about as newsworthy as last week's announcement of Michael Capellas to run HP rival Compaq. "No woman has achieved leadership at this level of American business," says Sheila Wellington, president of Catalyst, a New York City organization that tracks women in the work force. "It's going to give young women, girls, a powerful message."

That said, from a purely business standpoint Fiorina was a logical choice to take over HP, coming off a remarkable run as president of the \$20 billion Global Services division at Lucent. She was partly responsible for re-engineering Lucent into a technology highflyer from what

was once Ma Bell's

"The old joke about HP is they'd market sushi as cold, dead fish," says Merrill Lynch analyst Steve Milonovich. "Right now they just don't have much of an Internet aura." Company officials admit they've been a little bit late to the I-party, losing critical market share to Sun in the server business and playing catch-up with its highly touted e-services offerings. "Clearly, we need to reinvigorate things here," said Fiorina upon taking the reins from outgoing CEO Lewis Platt, who nevertheless drove HP's sales to \$47 billion and its stock price to a record high of \$118 a share.

A medieval-history major at Stanford, Fiorina holds an M.B.A. from the University of Maryland and an M.S. from M.I.T. She once worked as a secretary at HP before joining AT&T in its Washington office, where she sold phone systems to the government. Her career trajectory has been steepening ever since, to the point where her husband, Frank Fiorina, 49, took early retirement from his job as a director of government sales at AT&T to become a full-time househusband. He knew early on, he says, that she was destined to become a CEO.

Still, the technology sector has been notoriously slow to promote women exec-

**COMING OUT A WINNER:**  
HP CEO Fiorina

**The 500 Club**

**JILL BARAD**  
Mattel CEO is renowned as a marketer but now faces a make-or-break Christmas

**MARION SANDLER**  
Co-CEO of Golden West Financial, the nation's second largest thrift

sports, it is in the workplace that sexism is most keenly felt. Women still earn 75% of men's salaries and occupy only 11.2% of the executive jobs in FORTUNE 500 companies. The top spot at HP, a geek kingdom since the slide-rule era, is the highest position ever held by a woman in a Dow 30 company.

"My gender is interesting, but it is not the story here," Fiorina, 44, insisted. She prefers instead that the focus be on her considerable achievements as an executive with AT&T and its Lucent Technologies

phonemaker. Lucent is now a leading global supplier of cell-phone networking gear and the digital-switching systems that are critical components of voice and data networks—you know, the Internet. She even helped design the red-swirl logo that marks Lucent as a leading-edge company.

At HP, Fiorina faces a slew of similar challenges as a company renowned for its engineering proficiency takes on fleet competitors like Dell and Sun Microsystems, which have decidedly jazzier images.

utives—only 7% of top officers at FORTUNE 500 tech firms are female. But in this business where brand and the CEO become interchangeable—think of Microsoft's Bill Gates and Dell's Michael Dell—Fiorina's gender may actually become an advantage. In PCs, where HP faces increasing competition, products are becoming more commodity-like and prices are falling. Now, HP's gray boxes, in part because of Fiorina's gender, will have just a little bit more cachet than the other guys' gray boxes. That in turn could, in the hypercompetitive world of technology, prompt more firms to tap women for top jobs. And even Fiorina might find that noteworthy.

# The 60-Second Book

A new high-tech publishing technique is creating a literary big bang for America's would-be authors

By WALTER KIRN

**W**HICH OF THE FOLLOWING CLAIMS IS not a lie? You can make thousands of dollars at home stuffing envelopes! If you pass along this message to just three friends, you will be rewarded with untold riches! For less than \$400 you, yes you, can publish your own book and sell it through Amazon.com, BarnesandNoble.com, Borders.com and thousands of bookstores nationwide!

The answer, budding authors, is No. 3, thanks to a bold new publishing technology known as Print on Demand. Put simply, POD turns upside down the traditional economics of the \$27.5 billion publishing industry by allowing books to be produced and sold in small quantities—even one at a time—almost instantly. No longer will publishing require behemoth offset presses, hangar-size warehouses and fleets of trucks. With POD the book is digitized and stored until it is ordered by a customer. At that point a whiz-bang printing-and-binding machine whirs into action, creating a slick, high-quality paperback ready for shipping. Indeed, such machines may soon be coming to the bookstore down the block, where they will be able to spit out a new thriller in the time it takes to froth a cappuccino.

For writers, readers, publishers and retailers, POD's implications are enormous, the equivalent of the cable revolution that broke the monopoly of the Big Three networks. Certainly, blockbuster authors

such as John Grisham will still get the conventional treatment, with hundreds of thousands of copies of their books printed.

But what about Howard Olsen, a 55-year-old machine-shop owner in Salem, Mass., who completed his first thriller, *Diplomatic Immunity*, last year but couldn't find a publisher? Olsen paid \$350 to 1stBooks, one of a number of new POD publishers, which is based in Bloomington, Ind. It designed a cover and transmitted Olsen's opus to Lightning Print in suburban Nashville, Tenn. A new division of Ingram, the world's largest book distributor, Lightning Print loaded Olsen's text in its system, thereby making it available to any of Ingram's customers. In no time, Olsen's local Barnes & Noble called him in to do a book signing. "Other than my children being born," Olsen says, "it was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me."

At Ingram the POD age is being made possible by a device that resembles half a dozen copiers lined up end to end running at 800 pages per minute. Today Lightning's machine is scheduled to turn out, among other volumes, a single copy each of *Luck Business* and *Destiny's Bride*. Neither book seems headed for best-sellerdom, but neither will be returned in bulk, as are 30%

to 40% of traditionally published books.

POD means that a book never need go out of print. Even a book that sells fewer than 100 copies a year is financially viable, according to Steven Schragis, who heads New Jersey's Carol Publishing. "It's almost impossible for this not to work," says Schragis. "We don't really do anything. We fill out a form, we send Lightning Print a book, we wait a month, and we get a check"—his share of the sales.

POD also allows impatient publishers to rush out red-hot, news-inspired books ahead of the competition. Last week Pocket Books trumpeted the release of a POD edition of *Knockdown* by Martin Dugard. The book, an account of the 1998 Sydney-to-Hobart yacht-race disaster that claimed six lives, won't be finished in hard cover until September. But the POD copies will be competitive with rivals.

For eager authors the possibilities of POD seem too good to be true, but what will this transformation mean for readers? Faced with an ever lengthening list of titles, many of dubious merit, readers may have to turn themselves into literary search engines. On the bright side, personal favorites that are noncommercial will never be more than a mouse click away. It's a confusing, if heartening, prospect. And while some industry experts predict that someday all books will be published this way, that day is probably years off. For now, the Howard Olsens of this world will be hunkered down at their word processors, hard at work, armed with a few hundred dollars and a dream.

—Reported by Andrea Sachs/

La Vergne, Tenn.



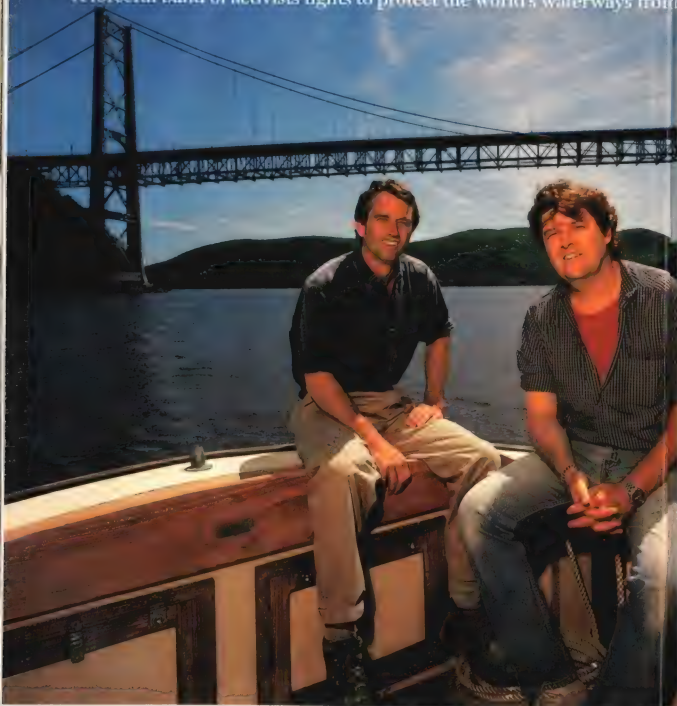




FOR THE PLANET | FRESH WATER

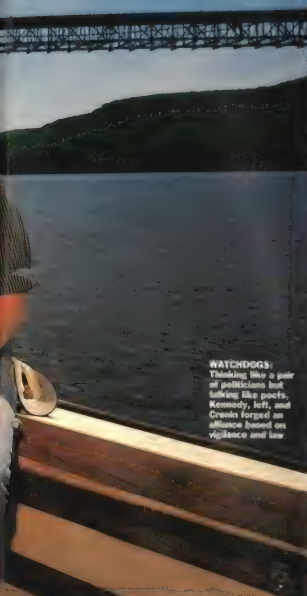
# LET RIVERS RU

A forceful band of activists fights to protect the world's waterways from



# N DEEP

being polluted and exploited



**WATCHDOGS:** Thinking like a pair of politicians but talking like poets, Kennedy, left, and Cronin forged an alliance based on vigilance and law.

JOHN CRONIN AND ROBERT F. KENNEDY JR.

## In Search of the Beauty And Mystery of Home

By ROGER ROSENBLATT ON THE HUDSON

*Since the plane of John F. Kennedy Jr. went down on July 16, observations about the Kennedys have mainly connected the family with calamity and grief. But the environmental work of Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and his partner, John Cronin, remind one that the Kennedys are more lastingly characterized by public service. In May I went out with Kennedy and Cronin on New York's revitalized Hudson River, a fluid monument to the devotion so many Kennedys have felt for the country.*

**W**HAT WE WILL SEE ON THE RIVER, JOHN CRONIN tells me, is the past, present and future—"what we have been fighting against and fighting for." The against comes first. On a late-spring morning full of sunshine and blue water, we push off in a 26-ft. sportfishing boat used by Cronin's watchdog group, Riverkeeper Inc., to patrol the Hudson. Heading north, about 40 miles north of Manhattan, we see the Lovett Power Station on the west bank. The old, dark, brick coal-, gas- and oil-burning tangle of structures looks like a giant outdoor furnace. Beside it is a quarrying operation that once dumped a load of sand and gravel from a conveyor belt into Cronin's boat while he was in it, to discourage scrutiny.

"We were so dumb," he laughs. "We watched the belt swing over our heads, never suspecting what they were going to do."

On the east side is a plant that uses gypsum to make Sheetrock and that, thanks to Riverkeeper, has done a cleanup. Just beyond it rise Units 2 and 3 of the Indian Point Nuclear Power Plant. Two mosque-like domes flank a sky-high smokestack painted in red and white stripes. It looks like a lighthouse that has been converted into a festive nuclear missile. Beyond that, at Charles Point, lies a garbage-burning plant, which turns trash into energy.

All the plants, says Cronin, are located in exactly the wrong part of the river—the broad, shallow heart of the estuary that serves as a nursery for striped bass, bay anchovies and American shad. The plants suck in water with great force; Indian Point alone uses a million gallons a minute. Fish small enough to slip through the meshes are killed at once. Larger fish are impaled on the screens and killed or maimed. Riverkeeper has forced Indian Point to install \$25 million worth of fish-saving equipment, and in 1994 the group successfully sued to make the Environmental Protection Agency set official safety standards for power plants.

This is what Cronin, appointed Hudson Riverkeeper in 1983, does for a living. He and his friend and chief prosecuting attorney Robert F. Kennedy Jr.—two serious and good-humored men in their late 40s who look like kids, think like politicians and talk like poets—have formed a partnership based on vigilance and the law. With the help of students from the Environmental Litigation Clinic at the Pace University School of Law, Cronin and Kennedy have brought more than 150 legal actions against the river's polluters. Their most important case to date led to the 1997 watershed agreement that safeguards New York City's drinking water by protecting 19 upstate reservoirs.

The idea for a Riverkeeper sprang from the hard head of Bob Boyle, a writer at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a sportfisherman who in the 1960s fought for clean waters and founded the Hudson River Fishermen's Association—at the time an unlikely alliance of com-



FOR THE PLANET | FRESH WATER



**RIPPLE EFFECTS:**  
The Riverkeeper is  
happy for people  
to use and enjoy  
the Hudson—if  
they take care of it

## "To me this is a struggle of good and evil—between short-term greed and ignorance

mercial interests and environmentalists. American environmental law came into its own in 1980, when the Con Edison power company, after a battle with the fishermen, dropped its plan to build a huge facility on Storm King Mountain near the Hudson that was designed to store water for hydroelectric-power generation but would also have damaged a major spawning area of the striped bass.

Cronin and Kennedy describe the movement to save the Hudson in *The Riverkeepers*, published by Simon & Schuster (website: [www.riverkeeper.org](http://www.riverkeeper.org)). Today 23 U.S. Riverkeepers watch over lakes, creeks, ponds and bays from Long Island Sound to Cook Inlet in Alaska, and the first Canadian keeper program began last month on the Petibou River in New Brunswick.

The present we see on the Hudson is a combination of the chastised, though often still abusive polluters and healthy signs of a waterway revived. Yet it is the past that most concerns Cronin and Kennedy—the past polluters, and the more distant past, in which they hope to see the future. The river is where they have found their home, and it has all the beauty and mystery of home.

For Cronin, the impulse for his lifework came from family history. "I was raised along the river," he says. "I was in the first generation that was taught the river was unsafe—not because of tides

that might pull you down but because of water quality. As a young adult, I found a legacy I had been kept from inheriting. The lives of my family had swirled around the river; my grandfather was a fisherman; that's where families gathered. I discovered that connection. But then there was a larger connection. It seemed that every community on the river had lost touch with it and with the notion that the river was their home. The greatest single tragedy on the Hudson is that hundreds of years of history are disappearing. It's like burning down a museum or trashing a library. The loss is devastating and profound."

Family history also drives Kennedy, who has the civil rights spirit of his father. "To me," he says, "this is a struggle of good and evil—between short-term greed and ignorance and a long-term vision of building communities that are dignified and enriching and that meet the obligations to future generations. There are two visions of America. One is that this is just a place where you make a pile for yourself and keep moving. And the other is that you put down roots and build communities that are examples to the rest of humanity."

I ask him, "Why choose this front rather than other humanitarian battles?"

"To me," he says, "the environment cannot be separated from the economy, housing, civil rights and human rights. How we distribute

### TALK TO THE HEROES

Chat with the Riverkeeper  
at 8 p.m. E.T. July 29 at  
[chat.yahoo.com/time](http://chat.yahoo.com/time)

The planned chat with  
Kennedy will be delayed.  
Check [www.time.com/heroes](http://www.time.com/heroes)

Tell us who's defending the  
environment in your area.  
You can post your nominees  
at [www.time.com/heroes](http://www.time.com/heroes)

the goods of the earth is the best measure of our democracy." He gestures at the open water. "It's not about advocating for fishes and birds. It's about human rights."

Accordingly, their vision of nature is as realistic as it is romantic. Kennedy says he has seen an adorable-looking otter torture a catfish by biting off its scales on one side, making it swim in circles.

On the river, these two behave toward each other with the casual care of brothers; they intuit each other's presence, but they rarely speak, except in a code born of their joint mission and of the fact that "we talk 10 times a day." One will say, "Smith called. He didn't like what we wrote." The other will say, "Did you read what the EPA said yesterday ... Once they acknowledge that, they're screwed." I have no idea what they're talking about, but everything has the tone of frontline bulletins. Standing beside Kennedy near the bow, I realize he looks like a Kennedy. He has made me forget his lineage until, as part of something else he is saying, he adds, "when my uncle was in the White House."

As we head upriver, away from the power plants, I ask whether the river, let alone, would repair itself. Not always, they say. The toxic industrial chemicals known as PCBs, which were discharged into the river by General Electric plants until the company agreed to stop, do not biodegrade; they have to be removed. Pollutants have a cumulative effect—what Cronin calls "the death of a thousand cuts." An individual pollutant says, "What I alone am doing is not harming this river," which may be so. But Kennedy and Cronin insist the plants that we passed—four in five minutes—are working together, even if they adhere to EPA standards, to slowly destroy the estuary ecosystem.

Different pollutants work differently. Some, such as PCBs, are subtle. A female striped bass produces 6 million eggs in a lifetime. If some die from PCBs, it won't be noticed. But humans are also affected when they eat fish contaminated by PCBs: the chemicals can cause cancer and disrupt the functioning of hormones in the body. Other forms of pollution, like nitrate and phosphate runoff from farms, kill the ecosystem by starving fish. These nutrient pollutants are found in fertilizer and in sewage, and they cause excessive growth of aquatic plants when they hit the water. Algae, during their natural course of life, die and sink to the bottom, where they are devoured by bacteria, which use oxygen. Too many algae deprive fish of oxygen.

## and a long-term vision of building communities that are dignified and enriching."

Yet as he indicated earlier, Kennedy does not see factories as blights on Eden but as signs of a rich and useful economy. Neither he nor Cronin is opposed to industry, condominium construction, powerboat use or anything that might bring the fullness of communal American life into contact with the river. They simply oppose anyone destroying the river. "This is a fight to save a resource for as many constituencies as possible," says Kennedy. "Here there is room for everyone." As he speaks, a trio of ducks puts on a brief air show high above the electrical wires that cross the river. A great blue heron is spotted over the Lovett plant.

"The beauty of my job," says Cronin, "is that it allows me to be in touch with the rhythms of the river and to understand what it means to fit the rhythms of your life around those other rhythms. When you are a fisherman, one of the rhythms is the tide. To fish for shad, you go out two hours before high tide, but every day the hours change. One week you're having breakfast at 7 a.m., the next at 2 in the afternoon. And all this extends to life on the shore, to the people who come down to watch the boats come in. The whole community participates in the rhythms of the river."

What Riverkeeper has been fighting for, then, is biodiversity—a complex way of life sustained by various hectic interdependencies, for which the Hudson is the pumping heart. All the same, when we finally come to a point near the Hudson Highlands that is without power plants and condos—where the water gets bluer as one looks into it and the ripples touch the brown rocks on the shore and the

## DEFENDING THE HUDSON

Some of the battles fought by the Riverkeeper, Inc.

- 1 GENERAL ELECTRIC** Conducted spot cleanups of PCBs discharged by two plants, but there's an ongoing campaign to force GE into a comprehensive \$2 billion cleanup
- 2 EXXON** Agreed to stop cleaning petrochemicals from its tankers off Hyde Park and Port Ewen
- 3 NEWBURGH** 20 polluters in and around this city were forced to clean up
- 4 POWER PLANTS** Being pressured to install advanced fish-saving technology
- 5 NEW YORK CITY'S RESERVOIRS** Landmark deal reached to protect quality of the city's drinking-water supply
- 6 CROTON LANDFILL** Westchester County was forced to close this dump, which was leaking toxic chemicals into the Hudson
- 7 NEW YORK CITY** Officials were persuaded to drop the Westway highway project, which would have destroyed striped bass wintering area



thick hills rise like tufts of broccoli—one's own heart lifts with gratitude for untrammelled nature, and with ancient expectation.

We are in a bend in the river, and suddenly everyone is still—the way, I imagine, that all people have been stilled since coming upon the first bend in the first river. Here too is the past, and it re-creates the eternal sense of promise and danger that river bends have always presented and that have bred civilizations. America itself was a bend in the river, and on days like this it still is.

Kennedy says his happiest moments are when he takes his kids camping on the banks, where they fish out of tents and hear coyotes "in the jet-black night." Cronin recalls a different, untamed moment in 1982, when he was working as a commercial fisherman, setting crab traps near the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

"Suddenly a storm came rolling over the mountains out of the Highlands," he says. "We were heading back with a couple of bushels of crabs, and out of nowhere we were beset with winds and darkness. We raced to beat the storm, but it overtook us. The mountains shone a brilliant green. The sky exploded. I was never so aware of how little control I had over the environment, how the forces of nature can play with us. It was a defining moment in my relation to the river. It put me in my place."

Roger Rosenblatt, an editor-at-large for Time Inc., is the editor of *Consuming Desires*, a new collection of essays on consumption and the environment, published by Island Press

HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND, WAS THE  
FIRST TO USE AN ELECTRIC  
POLICE CAR, THE FORD ECOSTAR.

*Methanol*

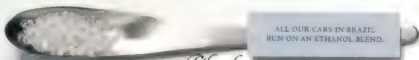


*Electricity*



*Natural Gas*

Right now, people around the world are driving vehicles powered by all sorts  
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offers more vehicles that run on more fuels than any other manufacturer.



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*Ethanol*



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*Propane*

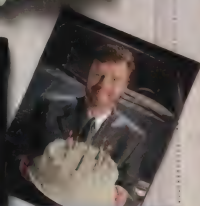


*My crack creates  
fewer dangerous hydrocarbons  
than my birthday cake.*

JOHN LAPETZ

According to the New York City Department of Environmental Protection, taxis powered by natural gas could prevent 450 tons of air pollution every year.

Alternative fuels can make a significant contribution to cleaning up our environment. That's why we're investing over a billion dollars in new ways to fill 'er up.



JOHN LAPETZ WORKS IN OUR ALTERNATIVE FUEL RESEARCH DIVISION AND DRIVES AN F-250 POWERED BY NATURAL GAS.

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BETTER IDEAS. DRIVEN BY YOU.

ENVIRONMENT



## FOR THE PLANET | FRESH WATER



S U S A N S E A C R E S T

### Are the Wells Poisoned?

**S**USAN SEACREST PEERS DOWN INTO THE HUGE GLOOM OF WELL No. 2, which penetrates 90 ft. into the Platte Aquifer. As her eyes catch the gleam of water destined to salve the thirst of people in Lincoln, Neb., 20 miles away, she begins to jump up and down in the heat of a summer afternoon. "This is so cool!" she exults. "I get so excited when I'm around groundwater."

You don't have to share Seacrest's bizarre idea of excitement to agree that groundwater is a big deal. It's the source of drinking water for half the U.S. population. Nebraska floats on water, sitting atop a gigantic sponge of sand and gravel that contains several aquifers. Farmers can drill into the rich soil, erect a center-pivot sprinkler system and watch corn grow as high as an elephant's eye.

But not without a price. To get big yields, farmers rely on pesticides and nitrogen fertilizers, which can seep below the surface and taint groundwater. That's why Seacrest, 45, launched the Groundwater Foundation, a group that uses everything from publications to educational festivals to teach people about threats to drinking water. Started on a shoestring in 1985 in Lincoln, the foundation has built a national network of activists to protect the fountains of life.

Once groundwater is contaminated, it is hard to clean up. In 1,345 shallow wells sampled by the U.S. Geological Survey, about 15% exceeded drinking-water standards for nitrate (a nitrogen compound), which at high levels can lead to the potentially fatal "blue baby" syndrome in infants. Many suspect aquifers were in California, the Great Plains and the Mid-Atlantic region. Pesticides have shown up in more than half of shallow wells the uscs studied in agricultural and urban areas. "Is it right that people in rural communities should have to buy bottled water?" Seacrest asks.

**SPRINKLE OF LIFE**  
Warning of threats to groundwater, she says, "I'm like dripping water. I keep bothering everyone. They can't turn me off!"

PHOTO: KATHY ROSE FOR TIME

#### ON THE WEB

To learn more about freshwater issues, you can start with these sites:

PACIFIC INSTITUTE  
[www.worldwater.org](http://www.worldwater.org)

GREEN CROSS  
INTERNATIONAL

[www.gci.ch](http://www.gci.ch)

INTERNATIONAL  
NETWORK

[www.irn.org](http://www.irn.org)

GROUNDWATER  
FOUNDATION

[www.groundwater.org](http://www.groundwater.org)

"What kind of a world will we be living in?" Over the years she found that teaching children was a good way to reach parents. This year her foundation picked 25 Nebraska high school and junior high students to attend "Groundwater University," a four-day field trip devoted to Seacrest's favorite subject. Looking beyond Nebraska, the foundation has since 1994 named hundreds of North American communities as "Groundwater Guardians" and honored their leaders. A North Carolina town, for example, was cited for fighting groundwater pollution from hog farms. "When I started in my kitchen," Seacrest says, "I had no idea it would lead to all this." Now she won't stop until we all share her excitement about guarding the precious water beneath our feet. — *By Christopher Halliwell/Lincoln*

VEER BHADRA MISHRA

## Holy War for "My Mother"

**L**IFTING FOLDED PALMS TO THE RISING sun, silver-haired Veer Bhadra Mishra steps into the Ganges to begin his ritual morning ablution. As the mahant, or spiritual and administrative head, of the second largest temple in Varanasi, the main destination for Hindu pilgrims in India, Mishra is a very important man. Since the 16th century, the job has passed from father to eldest son. Devotees scramble to touch his feet, traders whisper their business hopes, and students seek his blessing before final exams. As a child he learned the sacred chants and rites—including the importance of a daily dip in the Ganges, the river that Hindus worship for its purity. Mishra cups his hands to scoop up water and lifts it to his lips. But unlike the ancestors who began the ritual, he skips a step. He does not drink the water.

Mishra knows that while the Ganges may be holy, it is not pure. It is filled with chemical wastes, sewage and even the remains of human corpses. The priest knows this because he is also head of the civil-engineering department at the local university. A hydraulics engineer, he is as comfortable discussing water-pump designs as he is giving spiritual guidance. Ever since he learned about the level of pollution in "Mother," as he calls the Ganges, Mishra, 59, has been squabbling with government authorities and pleading with other temple chiefs to clean up the river. "When I talk to officials, I show them reports on fecal coliform, and when I talk to local people, I show them there is s... in the holy Ganges," he laughs. "It is the same thing, but I say it in different languages."

Inheriting the family job at 14, when his father died, he wasn't content to dwell only in the spiritual world. His mother pushed him to finish school, and when the university said he could not wear priest's robes, she let him buy a forbidden pair of trousers. His education helped him understand threats to the Ganges, and since 1982 he has struggled to open the eyes of bureaucrats and the public. Supported in part by aid from the U.S. and Swedish governments, Mishra juggles his roles as priest and activist. As he takes a call from Washington inviting him to a

waste-management conference, he silently raises his hand to bless an old man with a huge vermilion mark on his forehead who is bending over Mishra's feet. "I don't know how all this happened. No one in my family had even been to school," Mishra says. "I think it is because Mother Ganges knew she needed my help."

That she does—desperately. The Indian government launched a program to restore the river in 1986. In Varanasi—where 60,000 people gather



**THE MOTHER** Pilgrims gather for ritual baths despite pollution from factories, sewers and cremations that makes the Ganges less than pure

daily, most for a holy dip—pumps were set up to divert sewage to a new treatment plant downstream. The pumps often stop because of electricity shortages, however, and the treatment facility is ineffective.

Then there are the corpses. Hindus believe that to die or be cremated in Varanasi is a shortcut to heaven. But the families of many pilgrims who come here to die are too poor to buy firewood for cremation. Even if they could afford the cheaper electric crematorium, the erratic power supply forces it to shut down for hours every day. Corpses are often dropped into the river and float to the surface, bobbing past chanting pilgrims. "These people," says Mishra bitterly, "are trying to kill my Mother." The people who live off the river are dying too. Drinking the water makes many sick with hepatitis, typhoid or cholera.

Motivated most of all by "respect and love for the river," Mishra, working with William Oswald, an engineering professor emeritus at the University of California, Berkeley, proposed what is called an advanced integrated wastewater oxi-

duction pond system. It would store sewage for 45 days,

using bacteria and algae to eliminate waste and purify the water. Mishra expects the plan to be adopted but recalls past defeats. "My campaign has been like a game of snakes and ladders. When it has gained speed, a snake has swallowed it up," he says. "But one day I'll dodge all the snakes. Mother Ganges will help me to save her." That's another chant the followers of this modern mahant can truly believe in. —By

Meenakshi Ganguly/Varanasi





CHRISTINE JEAN

## A Mission for Madame

**A**NYONE WHO THINKS CHRISTINE JEAN GOT RICH BY WINNING a Goldman Environmental Prize in 1992 should take a spin in her antiquated Renault. Most of the windows don't roll down; the passenger-side door opens only from the outside; and the paint is pocked with rust. But Jean doesn't care. All her \$60,000 prize money went to Loire Vivante, the umbrella group she has headed since 1987. Its mission: blocking a gargantuan dam-building project that could have destroyed beautiful landscape and fragile ecosystems surrounding Europe's last wild river.

To the 42-year-old woman dubbed "Madame Loire" by the French press, this is a sacred duty. The Loire is France's longest river—630 miles from its source in south-central France to its estuary on the Atlantic—and one of the most historic. Generations of French kings built their most beautiful châteaux in the temperate Loire Valley. It is home to some of France's most prestigious vineyards. The wetlands around the relatively shallow, meandering river and its tributaries provide a rich habitat for hundreds of species of birds and other animals; eel, trout and Atlantic salmon ply the waters.

An ambitious construction scheme was hatched in the early '80s by local officials and organizations determined to tame the river. The plans included two major dams, at Serre-de-la-Fare and Chambonchard, and two smaller ones. The stated aim was to prevent flooding, expand irrigation and boost water flow during dry years. Opponents suspected other motives: increasing the water supply to cool four nuclear reactors along the river and boosting development in areas now subject to flooding.

The one obstacle the dam builders never anticipated was the feisty Jean. A native of Nantes, she had been fascinated by nature since childhood, studied biology in college and got a master's degree in ecology. In 1985 she ran into a former teacher who was trying to organize opposition to the dams. "I went to some meetings with him and was soon gripped by the same passion to save the Loire," she explains.

In 1986 the antidam groups got funding from the World Wildlife Fund-France and formed Loire Vivante. Jean, then an unemployed single mother, was named its first coordinator in early 1987. Among her first acts was to organize environmental-impact studies showing that the dams would harm water quality, threaten biodiversity, destroy several villages, displace hundreds of people—and still fail to provide good protection against flooding. In 1989 the group launched its most spectacular and effective action: the occupation of the Serre-de-la-Fare site by several hundred ecologists who camped in tents, cooked over open fires, strummed guitars—and blocked the bulldozers for five years.

The Serre-de-la-Fare dam was finally canceled in 1994, and two others are in jeopardy. One smaller dam was built, but Jean believes the ecological impact will be limited. She is now turning her attention to fighting a plan to enlarge the port of Nantes-St. Nazaire, which would destroy wetlands in the Loire estuary.

It hasn't been easy for Jean to raise her two daughters, now 16 and 13, while devoting herself to a more than full-time job. But the payoff has been making a difference to a cause she deeply believes in. "I could never have spent as much time and energy," she says, her large green eyes shining, "on something that was less important to me."

—By Thomas Sancton. With reporting by Victoria Murphy/Paris

**Among the spots she wants to save are these wetlands in the Loire River estuary that harbor an array of birds and other wildlife**

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DAVI KOPENAWA YANOMAMI

## Spirit from the Amazon



**D**AVI KOPENAWA YANOMAMI cures ailing tribal brothers with incantations given to him by a fearsome anaconda spirit that slithers up from Amazonian waters. At least that's the way Davi describes it. Like other native medicine men in the Amazon rain forest, Davi relies on hallucinogenic powders to reach the spirit world, but this leader of the Yanomami Indians also wields a more modern means of communication: a two-way radio. When an otherworldly voice squawks through the speaker, Davi wraps up his shaman's crown of toucan feathers, dons uncomfortable city clothes and walks to a clearing in the forest, where a four-seater plane awaits, propellers revving.

To safeguard his Amazonian domain of woodlands, rivers and lakes, Davi has learned to master the world of airports and international assemblies as skillfully as he roams his spirit realm of giant anacondas. When Davi, in his 40s, speaks about the plight of the estimated 22,000 Yanomamis left alive in northern Brazil and Venezuela, he's a visionary who sees his people and their rain-forest gods being swept toward extinction. "When I go to the big city, I see hungry people, without anywhere to plant crops, without drinking water, without anywhere to live. I do not want this to happen to my people too," he says.

### ENDANGERED

If miners keep fouling the rivers and the Indians' homeland is cut to pieces, will these youngsters have a chance to grow up?

Aided by his knowledge of Portuguese, which he gained as a child when missionaries took him to a city for treatment of tuberculosis, Davi has helped alert the world to outside threats to the Yanomami culture. The chief danger has come from gold miners, who have polluted Amazonian rivers with deadly mercury. Backed by London's Rainforest Foundation, Davi has formed alliances with indigenous leaders and environmentalists all over the world.

Prodded in part by pressure from Davi and his supporters, Brazil in 1991 set aside 36,000 sq. mi. as a Yanomami homeland. Now mining interests and loggers want the territory cut into patches totaling 7,700 sq. mi. "They want us corralled like animals," says Davi. So when the radio in his hut calls him to a new battlefield, Davi is ready to go, no matter how far it takes him from the spirit world of forest and river.

—By Tim McGirk, with reporting by Sol Biderman



MARY BARLEY

## Everglades Forever

**T**HE FIFTH-GRADERS AT EMBASSY CREEK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL in Cooper City, Fla., north of Miami, raised \$1,000 this year to help save the Everglades. And they spent weeks studying who should get it. Not surprisingly, last month they handed the check to the Everglades Foundation and its chairwoman, Mary Barley. "The Everglades is one of our most important natural cathedrals," she told them. "It will be your legacy to the country."

Legacy is what drives Barley, 53, the widow of the foundation's founder, George Barley. An Orlando real estate tycoon turned environmentalist, Barley died in a 1995 plane crash before he could see his beloved Everglades restored. That 18,000-sq.-mi. "river of grass" sustains life in marshes, coral reefs and cities, but its freshwater flow has been scrambled and sullied by decades of human plunder. This month President Clinton set out a 20-year plan to revitalize the Everglades, prodded in large part by local activists like Mary Barley—and her commitment to her husband's legacy.



Taking over the foundation in 1995, Mary was unprepared for the bruising playing field of enviropolitics, even though she had helped George run his business. A proposal she supported that would have helped clean up the wetlands with a penny-a-pound tax on Florida's sugar industry, widely seen as a major Everglades polluter, lost in a statewide referendum. But Barley and her allies won a state constitutional amendment that requires polluters, not taxpayers, to bear the bulk of cleanup costs. "The money that Everglades damage costs us in areas like tourism," she pointed out, "could be 10 times more than what industries like sugar contribute to the economy." This year she helped persuade a sugar corporation to sell more than 50,000 acres of Everglades land to the restoration cause.

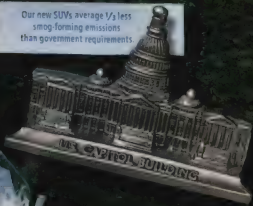
Barley insists she is "not even a seed in the same garden" with Everglades champions like her husband and the late Marjory Stoneman Douglas. But cultivating future conservationists may be her own bright legacy, as she fights to get Everglades education planted into Florida's state school curriculum. If the fund raising at Embassy Creek Elementary is any indication, the kids are totally behind her.

—By Tim Padgett/Miami

**REPLUMBING JOB** One goal is to restore the right water levels



Our new SUVs average 1/3 less  
smog-forming emissions  
than government requirements

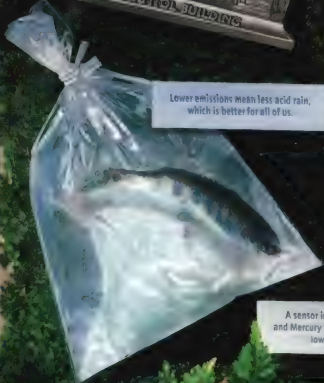


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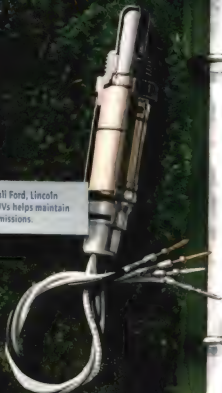


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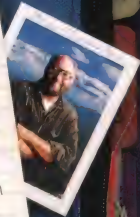
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TELEVISION

# SEX ON TV IS ...

Shows from HBO's *Sex in the City* to MTV's *Undressed* have angst in their pants

By JAMES PONIEWOZIK

**B**OB DOLE SHOULD HAVE TIPPED us off. When even the stoic standard-bearer of the Greatest Generation is discussing male plumbing problems in public, you know sexual dysfunction has permeated the culture. And when two of the season's most talked-about films, *Summer of Sam* and *Eyes Wide Shut*—the latter a gothic sexual hell that would do a medieval allegorist proud—center on orgies that go terribly wrong, a horny romp like *American Pie* seems quaint. So it's only fitting that TV, long charged with glamorizing lust, is airing images of sex that are not just unglamorous but also neurotic, guilty, antagonistic, even scary.

Consider. A man breaks up with his new lover, deciding that he prefers his porno tapes to her ("I've only known you for a few weeks. But I've been involved with some of those women for years!"). To win fabulous prizes, a woman mocks her lover's after-sex ritual—"a ham sandwich and ESPN"—in front of a studio audience. A girl loses her virginity to her boyfriend, who turns into an evil vampire. Sex on TV is still plentiful. A study this year by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation found that 56% of 1,351 sampled shows, and two-thirds of prime-time ones, had sexual content. But when TV turns a critical eye on the subject, it's often anything but sexy.

In the decade of *Hill v. Thomas*, the Spur Posse and Impeachment, sex is way. How appropriate, then, that MTV should get the director of *The Killing Fields* to offer a take on young love and sex. Roland Joffé's *Undressed* (weeknights, 11 E.T.), premiering this week, ambitiously

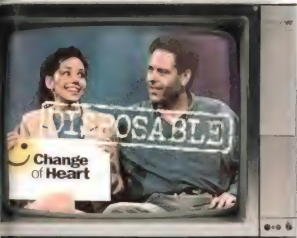
interweaves 23 story lines of sexual confusion, selfishness and experimentation—it's *Last, American Style*. Shot almost entirely in interiors—the insides of vans, apartments, bunk beds—it has a stuffy, caged-heat vibe, sharing with *Eyes* the suggestion that if you leave two people alone in a room, they'll be tempted to start rutting like rabbits. Take Dave and Katie, a couple in a sexual slump. Katie shags a bartender while Dave sleeps nearby, and for an encore she beds the waitress Dave brings home as revenge.

Well, if you can't be with the one you love, humiliate the one you're with—that's the spirit behind two raunchy anti-dating games, *MTV's The Blame Game* (weekdays, 2:30 p.m. E.T.); and the syndicated *Change of Heart*. On *Blame*, a court-show parody (its slogan: "Love. Heartbreak. Justice.") aggrieved partners "sue" each other before a hooting audience of their peers. *Change* fixes up each half of a troubled duo on a blind date, then has them taunt each other about their nights of wine and sweet talk ("He liked that I wasn't wearing grandma panties") and decide whether to split or stick it out. It's enough to make one pine for the innocent days of *Studs*.

Amy Sohn, sex columnist and author of the novel *Run Catch Kiss*, suggests TV's new explorations offer a safe outlet: "Sex is scary for a lot of people. These things don't require that we leave the house." And perhaps the audience, surfeited with sexual fairy tales, is ready for reality. How else to explain Darren Star, father of the giddy-ludicrous *Melrose Place*, creating a show that's a tour de force of sexual honesty?

Just nominated for an Emmy in its





# ... NOT SEXY!

second season, Starr's *Sex and the City* (HBO, Sundays, 9 p.m. E.T.) follows sex columnist Carrie Bradshaw (Sarah Jessica Parker, also an Emmy nominee) and the three over-30 professional friends who provide her material. The show has gained notice for its frontal nudity, lewd puns and sex moves that Mike and Carol

Brady would never have contemplated. But really, *Sex and the City* is groundbreaking because it's about the mundaneness of sex—to fake or not to fake, how to coach a man in bed. Even the sex scenes are comic because, like good art and bad porn, they show sex in all its sloppy awkwardness. When Carrie is introduced to a New York Yankees star, he's impressed by her job. "Nothing dull about that," he says. "You'd be surprised," she retorts.

The cast personifies four adaptations to a harsh dating scene—detachment (inquisitive Carrie), aggression (lusty Samantha), caution (timid Charlotte) and neurosis (tense Miranda, played by Cynthia Nixon with a smile as brittle and quivery as the crust on a crème brûlée). They're look-

## The Five Faces of Bad Love

**GUILTY (FELICITY):** Freshman loses her virginity but (pops!) not with her boyfriend

**DISPOSABLE (CHANGE OF HEART):** Unhappy couples sign up for love disconnections

**NEUROTIC (SEX AND THE CITY):** A smart, unblushing look at Manhattan's sex wars

**SCARY (BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER):** A first sexual experience from hell

**EMPTY (UNDRESSED):** A stark dissection of love and lust among the MTV demographic

ing for not just love but also victory, over male entitlement, over a culture that despises older single women and over myths they can't compete with. In a pointed scene, the four watch a video in which a woman climaxes two seconds into a sex scene. "No wonder men are so lost," Miranda says. "They have no idea there's more work involved." *City* is a fantasy, yes—few viewers will ever access its designer-clad uptown monde—but it's as real as TV sex has ever been.

Bed hoppers, however, have no monopoly on sexual angst. TV has also become obsessed with virgins, from Felicity, Buffy and Dawson to next season's *Popular* and *Wasteland*. The medium loves titillating and moralizing, and virgin dramas allow both, a situation that has changed little since the 1978 controversy over NBC's *James at 15*. Dan Wakefield, who created *James*, says NBC then balked not at James' deflowering but at his using birth control. "They said that if James has sex at age 16 and is not married, he must suffer and be punished." Just so, Buffy can lose her maidenhead—but Angel must risk damnation.

Still, there are signs of progress even here. Felicity's virginity loss last season, though tinged with guilt, was refreshingly free of melodrama. And TV's embrace of bad sex is, at best, a stab at honesty, which isn't always pretty. Carrie wonders, "Have we put such a premium on being open and honest with one another that we've misplaced the boundaries of propriety?" Perhaps, but they often came with fictions and stereotypes. For *City*'s cool superwomen, a little cynicism can be empowering, as on an episode about an acquaintance's whirlwind wedding. A lesser sitcom would have played the bouquet toss for pathos, but Carrie & Co. let the flowers hit the carpet so as not to spill their champagne. Love is lovely, and sex can be fun. But hey—it's nothing to ruin a perfectly good evening dress over. ■

# Andy Dick Is Not Afraid

Fresh out of rehab,  
the oddball comedian  
wants to get right back  
to freaking people out



By JOEL STEIN LOS ANGELES

**T**WICE DURING THE DAY, IT SEEMS certain Andy Dick is going to die. The first incident occurs at "the property," 80 acres of barren mountain in Topanga Canyon he has bought against the better judgment of everyone he knows. "I'm going to put up a teepee and have it be my personal KOA Kampground," he explains, hiking up a hill as the sun goes down. There are bobcats, mountain lions and rattlesnakes in the area, and Dick has become enamored of a joke about someone finding the tapes of this interview, à la *The Blair Witch Project*. He lies on the top of a rock with his head hanging over the cliff. He suggests the interview be conducted as a sleepover. But fate need not be further tempted.

Though one of the most talented, gutsy and truly strange comics of his generation, Dick, 33, is most famous as Hollywood's angel of death. *The NewsRadio* star was a friend of Brynna and Phil Hartman's, went to Vegas strip bars with actor David Strickland the night he killed himself and had comic Chris Farley as an addiction-group sponsor. Dick recently completed his second stint in rehab and is awaiting judgment later this month for a DWI he received after crashing his car into a tree and trying to flee on foot. His

image worries him so much that he wonders whether he should tell people he is in Disney's new kids' movie, *Inspector Gadget*. "If I tell them, maybe they're going to grab their kids and go running from the theater, screaming, covering their eyes," he says.

In addition to *Inspector Gadget*, Dick is in this fall's animated TV show *Sammy*, will appear in *Picking Up the Pieces* with Woody Allen and Sharon Stone, and performed last Friday at Woodstock with his band, the Bitches of the Century. He is two months sober, goes daily to support groups and, despite the mountain incident, insists he wants to live. "There are all kinds of addictions, and I've got every single one," he says. "If you set me in front of anything, I will do it until I ram it into the ground and it's done working for me. Until I lose all my money, until there is no love left, until the drugs or alcohol don't work." He says he is now following a philosophy called "contrary action," in which he, like *Seinfeld*'s George Costanza, does the opposite of his instincts.

Dick's sobriety should allow him to put on *The Big Dick Show*, the stage show about his addictions that he was supposed to perform in New York City this spring. He insists it will be as disturbing as his past live performances, which, in the spirit of his hero Andy Kaufman, manage to

clear about half the audience by the time he reaches the mooning, rear-end shaving, fake vomiting or simulated anal rape. "The people who leave, I don't want to please," he says. "I want to please people who are like me." He says his lack of personal boundaries allows him to wake people up, though he feels his tabloid fame has damaged this ability. "It's hard to do anything crazy," he says, "because people now just shake their head and feel sorry for me." Next year he plans to open the Andy Dick Theater in Los Angeles, a small space devoted to odd performance art.

Which would be much like his house. Dick's house is like Andy Warhol's Factory, only for stranger people. He is so sure someone will always be

there—usually performers and musicians, in addition to his 19-year-old girlfriend—that he doesn't have his own set of keys. Dick's 11-year-old son, the child's mother and her boyfriend live downstairs, and his other two younger children by a different ex-girlfriend also live in L.A. Dick says he is heterosexual except when he is drinking. Outside his house are a trampoline, an Airstream trailer and a Zen-inspired enclosed garden, where he meditates daily. Right now he is strictly following a diet geared to blood type, which requires him to eat lots of red meat. "Type Os can eat chocolate, just can," he says, unwrapping an organic chocolate bar. And later: "Type Os are almost immune to cancer."

The second time it appears Dick is going to die is when he is rocking on a chair leaning against a window 12 floors above the pool at the Mondrian hotel. "It makes me a little nervous, but in a weird, comforting way," he says, momentarily straightening the chair. Looking down at the pool, where beautiful, half-naked European women lounge on giant pillows sipping cocktails, he thinks about his girlfriend. "You would really s\_\_\_ if you saw my girlfriend," he says.

"Is she hot?" I ask.

"The hottest."

"Are you happy?"

"No."

**HEY, THAT'S MY FOOT:** Dick with Rupert Everett in *Inspector Gadget*

**DICK EX MACHINA:** Dropping in on costar David Foley on an episode of *NewsRadio*







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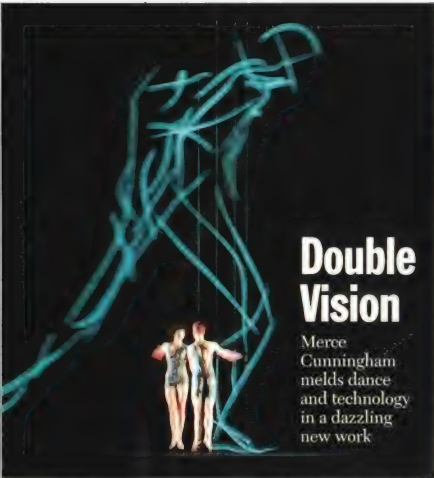
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## Double Vision

Merce Cunningham melds dance and technology in a dazzling new work

By ANITA HAMILTON

**L**IKE THE AURORA BOREALIS STREAKING the midnight sky, a glowing apparition lights up the stage. It's radiant, wispy and ethereal. But you're so focused on the intricate moves of the dancers onstage that you almost miss the ghostlike figure before it vanishes a few seconds later. Was it just a dream?

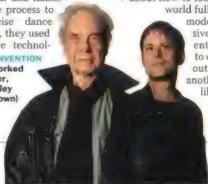
It may feel like one, but in reality it's an animated, digital dancer, projected onstage in *Biped*, a hypnotic, groundbreaking performance by the Merce Cunningham Dance Company. In a single stroke, *Biped* brings dance, that most physical of the arts, into the digital age, engaging the audience with its playful illusions. It's digital wizardry at its finest, and you don't need 3-D glasses—or opera glasses—to enjoy it. The Cunningham troupe performed *Biped* at Lincoln Center in New York City last week. It will tour Europe in the fall and return to Chicago, Washington and other U.S. cities this spring.

Throughout the slow-tempo, 45-min. piece, danced to a haunting score by Gavin Bryars performed with synthesizers and stringed instruments, the virtual dancer reappears in various incarna-

tions. Sometimes it's alone, bathed in purple light; at other times it's part of an elaborate ensemble of virtual dancers. It may be 20 ft. tall and amber, or tiny, white and barely there. Its "body" morphs from a hand-drawn squiggle to an array of dots to a mesmerizing blur. When it's visible, you study its interplay with the live dancers. When it vanishes, you wonder when it will return. At times, the audience gasped.

This "moving décor," as Cunningham calls it, was painstakingly created by digital artists Shelley Eshkar and Paul Kaiser. Employing the techniques used to create such video-game characters and animations as Tomb Raider's Lara Croft and the dancing baby *Ally McBeal*, Eshkar and Kaiser fine-tuned the process to capture precise dance steps. To start, they used motion-capture technol-

**MASTERS OF INVENTION**  
Cunningham worked with Paul Kaiser, right, and Shelley Eshkar (not shown) to give *Biped* its digital dimension



ogy to record the movements of a live dancer with digital video cameras. They then used 3-D animation software called Character Studio and 3D Studio Max to map the movements onto their own digital drawings and render the final, ghostlike images. The finished video is projected onto a 28-ft.-tall, meshlike gauze draped in front of the stage. It's reflective enough for the projections to appear vibrant, yet porous enough to leave the live dancers, in their shimmering silver unitards, simultaneously visible to the audience.

The effect fools the senses. In one sequence, a virtual dancer moves among a series of multicolored, vertical poles that seem to extend toward the back of the stage. The figure looks tiny as it steps into the background, huge in the foreground. Once you're accustomed to this exaggerated virtual space, the digitized dancers disappear, leaving only the virtual poles. Then live dancers appear onstage and traverse the same space. "You stop thinking of space as being one set construction, but rather as a myriad of possibilities," says Eshkar.

In another sequence, several virtual dancers appear to be walking on shorter, angled poles suspended in space just above the live dancers' heads. In the viewer's mind, the poles become a kind of shoreline and the virtual dancers luminous reflections in a lake. "The projections are conditioning you to see different aspects of the choreography, like rhythm, group dynamics and the body," says Eshkar.

Cunningham, 80, whose innovative choreography has been expanding audiences' expectations about dance for more than 50 years, is reticent about connecting the dots. "The only relationship between the virtual and real dancers is the one you make for yourself," he says, comparing the experience of watching *Biped* to channel surfing. But that may be precisely the point, according to Roger Copeland, author of an upcoming book on the choreographer. Copeland believes that *Biped*, like much of Cunningham's recent work, is about how to focus your attention in a world full of distractions. "It's a

model for a very progressive society, where different components are able to exist side by side without encroaching on one another." That may sound like a pipe dream, but in Cunningham's inspired rendition, it's an irresistible one. ■

# Windows into Life

Despite persistent rumors, short stories are far from dead. This summer they're in full bloom

By **GINIA BELLAFAANTE**

EVERY DECADE OR SO SOMEONE, somewhere, proclaims short fiction irrelevant and passé. In his introduction to *The Best American Short Stories of the Century*, out last spring, John Updike lamented the diminished importance of the genre during his lifetime, adding later, in an interview with Amazon.com, that Americans turn to celebrity anecdotes instead for narrative lessons on how we live. "In a way," Updike reflected, "you could argue that the *National Enquirer* is the real successor to *Story* magazine."

Of course anyone who has spent even 50 seconds pondering cultural habits in the '90s will agree that the decision to pick up the latest profile of Brad and Jennifer before, say, sitting down with the latest from Alice Munro is for many of us one fraught with precious little hesitation. That said, however, the last summer of the millennium seems to be just the wrong moment to adopt a gloomy attitude toward the literary form championed by the likes of Sherwood Anderson and John Cheever, Raymond Carver and Ann Beattie.

In a rare occurrence, a compilation of connected tales, *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*, published this spring by a new writer, Melissa Bank, made the New York Times best-seller list. Another spring collection, *For the Relief of Unbearable Urges*, by 29-year-old Nathan Englander, has also done very well, placing among Amazon.com's top books. Older, more established writers have had luck too. Annie Proulx's newest collection of strikingly uncommercial short stories, *Close Range*, has sold nearly 100,000 copies. Scribner, the book's publisher, would have considered

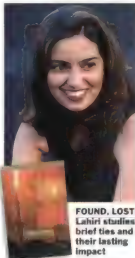
half that number a success. And at Knopf, senior editor Anne Close says short-story collections such as Lorrie Moore's *Birds of America* have fared very well this year.

This summer brings the release of more than half a dozen new short-story collections by young, promising writers. In the past three decades, short stories have increasingly become the province of female authors; a number of these new voices belong to women who bring a kind of outré comedy to subjects of domestic entanglement.

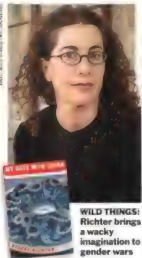
Marital boredom gets a sly look in Julia Slavin's *The Woman Who Cut Off Her Leg at the Maidstone Club* (Henry Holt; 194 pages; \$22) and Elena Lappin's fine collection, *Foreign Brides* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 208 pages; \$22). In *My Date with Satan* (Scribner; 223 pages; \$22), author Stacey Richter covers female rivalry and the gender wars in a manner that indicates she may be in possession of one of the more outlandishly imaginative minds in contemporary fiction. Richter's book, just out, is being actively promoted by Barnes & Noble and has already far exceeded the retailer's sales expectations. Romantic relationships receive less fantastical treatment in another debut, Ken Foster's *The Kind I'm Likely to Get*.

Among the best new collections are two that loosely chronicle the immigrant experience: Gish Jen's *Who's Irish?* (Knopf; 208 pages; \$22) and Jhumpa Lahiri's *Interpreter of Maladies* (Mariner; 198 pages; \$12). Lahiri has a gift for illuminating the full meaning of brief relationships—with lovers, family friends, those met in travel. A more lasting bond—the one between fathers and daughters—is elegantly explored in Bliss Broyard's *My Father, Dancing*.

Editors have various theories as to why short stories are enjoying renewed popularity. Some attribute the trend to the increasing number of creative-writing programs that sprang up during the '80s and have left writers with a surplus of short fiction produced as course



**FOUND, LOST:** Lahiri studies brief ties and their lasting impact



**WILD THINGS:** Richter brings a wacky imagination to gender wars

work. Scribner editor Nan Graham believes "there is a truly distinctive set of voices emerging at the moment." For years, she argues, writers in the genre allowed themselves to be too influenced by the spare style of Carver. "We are just beginning to recover from him," she says. "These writers are not in his grip." Meanwhile, readers, however slowly, may be realizing that stories provide the kind of windows into life not even episodes of *Friends* can open.

## FOUR NEW COLLECTIONS WITH STYLE AND BITE



**DIVIDED LIVES:** Jen takes a very look at life among Chinese Americans, among other things, in *Who's Irish?*



**SLACKER LOVE:** Young urbanites fumble about in search of intimacy in Ken Foster's *The Kind I'm Likely to Get*



**EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN:** Female devours male in *The Woman Who Cut Off Her Leg at the Maidstone Club*



**ABOUT DAD:** Fathers and daughters are the focus of Broyard's spare and lovely *My Father, Dancing*

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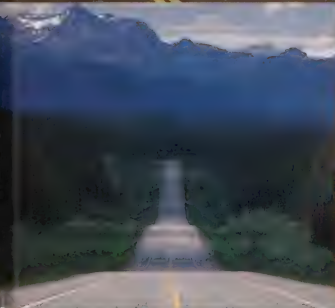
tear? Nothing. Except maybe

some lumbering SUV that

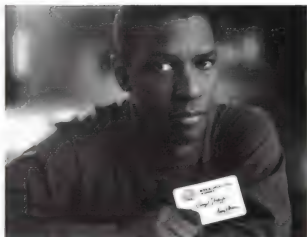
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## BOOKS

# Deep Waters

A first novel catches the current of life's changes



THE RIVER THAT RUNS through Breena Clarke's accomplished first novel, *River, Cross My Heart* (Little, Brown; 245 pages; \$23), is the sluggish brown Potomac, benevolent on the surface but

treacherous beneath. Along with other young African Americans from their Georgetown neighborhood, Johnnie Mae Bynum and her sister Clara are forced to use the river as a swimming hole owing to a race ban at their local pool. It's the 1920s, and the girls are part of a steady migration from the fields of the rural South to the streets of bustling Washington. Things are supposed to be better there, more sophisticated, more advanced, but when the river suddenly takes the life of little Clara, the Bynums are forced back on their durable old-country ways. In a city



**OLD WAYS:** Clarke evokes D.C. in the '20s

caught between tradition and progress, prejudice and dawning tolerance, the family must double back—the way a river does—to gather composure for its next push onward.

Clarke, who administers the Editorial Diversity Program at Time Inc., has written a novel that is all about change, but gradual change: the kind that transforms people's lives while they're preoccupied with the daily chores. This story of Johnnie Mae's eventual triumph—and of a city's grudging coming to terms with the hopes and dreams she typifies—flows quietly but carves deep channels in the reader's mind.

—By Walter Kim

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\*Scanner 2000 plugs into your power cord and needs no batteries. The unit has two TV or radio sets at the same time. You can use it as a giant antenna. Scanner 2000 will stabilize your TV picture, it will eliminate "ghosts" and static, and it will bring in stations that were visible only as flickers and annoying shadows. Even if you are now on cable or have a digital satellite system, you will be able to clearly receive "fringe" stations. For even more powerful performance, Scanner 2000 contains a 20dB amplifier gain booster. As a "bonus" Scanner 2000 will greatly enhance your FM and shortwave radio reception. Now, finally, enjoy TV as it should be enjoyed and get your Scanner 2000! today! Scanner 2000... #1068E552e

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\*Remove the Episcoper from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 25x telescope; or a unique 16x telescope-microscope. Another twist, and you have a 4x view of magnification and loupe; 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The Episcoper, only 2" long, was developed in Weizlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic. The Episcoper is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications. Episcoper... #1062E552f

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### MUSIC

**WHITNEY HOUSTON IN CONCERT** Wailing like Aretha, sweating like James Brown, the Whitney Houston who took the stage July 17 at the Mann Center for the Performing Arts in Philadelphia was not the singer you've come to know from her recorded work: this Houston was deeper, tougher, feistier. Her voice is not as bottled-water pure as it once was, but it's more real now,



breaking on the high notes, letting emotion spill out. She belted out her hits, of course—*I Will Always Love You*, *You Give Good Love*—but also soared through a gospel medley that took the crowd higher than mere pop and confirmed her status as one of today's most accomplished live entertainers. —By Christopher John Farley

**ON HOW LIFE IS** *Macy Gray* Fresh off the club circuit, she's riding a jet stream of hype that has some touting this new Los Angeles singer as the second coming of Billie Holiday. Gray has a raw, bluesy voice, full of dark intonation, and a lovely way of sliding around the beat. But in the upper register, where she likes to work, her voice pinches into a thin meow that undercuts the drama she wants to convey. The single *Do Something* only skims the anguish she's after. Gray deserves time to ripen before she's saddled with such heavy hopes. —By David E. Thigpen



### BOOKS

**A CERTAIN AGE** *By Tama Janowitz* One might hope, or at least think, that a novel with this title, about a single, thirty-ish woman in New York City, would contain at least one significant likable character, preferably the husband-hunting protagonist herself. But in setting out to satirize some of the more glaring materialism of our time, Janowitz has created an oddly '80s por-

trait of life in the big city without any of the humor or flashes of insight that might have made this book stand out. A hateful heroine and a catalog of her conspicuous consuming do not an amusing read make. —By Elizabeth Gleick



### CINEMA

**THE HAUNTING** *Directed by Jan De Bont*

The real estate is the star in this updating and betrayal of Shirley Jackson's 1959 novel, *The Haunting of Hill House*. Four folks (Catherine Zeta-Jones, Owen Wilson, Lili Taylor, Liam Neeson) are trapped, for no compelling reason, in an old mansion the size of Versailles—not the palace, the city. Doors rattle and children's voices whisper from the dead in this poltergeistian




theme-park ride and spooky radio show that never add up to a movie. There's one good shock, with a skeleton in a fireplace; but finally the film collapses in its own special-effects idiocy. —By Richard Coriass

### TELEVISION

**DOWNTOWN** *MTV, Tuesdays* Talk to a bunch of Manhattan hipster kids and broadcast their bizarre observations and anecdotes: it's the stuff of an irritating jeans ad or a surprisingly winsome and funny animated series. "Inspired by" actual interviews with youngsters, the engaging boho characters do, well, nothing much, yet they don't grow dull or self-consciously hip. If the rambling plots and pitch-perfect dialogue remind one of *Slacker*, they also remind one of little else on TV. —By James Poniewozik





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Chris Taylor

## Dream Machine

Sega's comeback console is about to hit stores. I found it speedy—perhaps a little too speedy

A FEMALE FRIEND RECENTLY SUFFERED A CLASSIC contemporary dilemma: What to furnish the apartment with first, a couch or a video-games console?

A couch is nice to sit on, but a console is "a man magnet," she decided. "No male can resist the challenge." I knew what she meant. For mindless fun, you can't beat a console evening. Invite your friends over, gather round the TV, crack open a six-pack and get down to the serious business of knocking the stuffing out of them. It does wonders for your social life.

Lately, however, 64-bit consoles like Nintendo and PlayStation have lost a little of their punch. Maybe it's because PC games have improved so fast—along with PCs themselves—while the quality of the consoles has stood still. Or maybe it's the advent of the more powerful 128-bit Sega Dreamcast that my pals and I have been testing.

Dreamcast is Sega's bid to work its way back into the console market. Its previous offering, the ill-fated Saturn, was too pricey and offered too few games. Learning from its mistakes, Sega is launching Dreamcast in September for \$199, with a built-in 56K modem for online game play and at least 20 titles to start wrestling with.

PlayStation purists have already turned up their noses at Dreamcast. They claim that PlayStation II—Sony's next-generation console, expected in the fall of 2000—will blow it out of the water. So why bet a couple of hundred bucks on a minor-league player like Sega? Dreamcast, however, has a 12-month head start on PlayStation II. Past experience in the console market suggests that quality ultimately matters less than the ability to build up a loyal base of customers. So I resolved to give Dreamcast a chance.

Good thing I did. Dreamcast can be, well, a dream: in graphics, sound and especially speed, it's a quantum leap ahead of the 64-bit consoles. If anything, it may be a little too brisk. Take Sonic Adventure, a revamped version of that Sega classic Sonic the Hedgehog, which the company is marketing as the quintessential Dreamcast game. The



PLAYER: Dreamcast with controller, top, and portable plug-and-play unit

visuals are 3-Delicious—Sonic's footprints appear in the sand as he zooms by, while the sun glints in the lens just as it should. But dismal attempts at midair loop-the-loops left me cursing at controls that always seemed a step behind the speedy blue hedgehog. Perhaps my synapses simply don't fire fast enough.

Then again, I'm hardly the target audience for Sonic Adventure. Much more my sort of thing is a fishing game called Get Bass. Your aim is to reel in a catch within a time limit, using a rodlike controller that vibrates every time you get a bite. The best bits: underwater shots of your bait, and a kind of fishy artificial intelligence that determines whether the bass will fall for it. I found myself returning to Get Bass again and again—and I'm no angler.

Bottom line: Dreamcast is a serious contender in the new console wars. It does have design flaws. The controller isn't as comfortable as Sony's or Nintendo's, for one. The connecting wire comes out player-side rather than console-side, which can be irksome if you do happen to have a couch and want to sit on it while playing. But Sega's machine passes the all-important test: it's a blast to play with your buddies. Just ask my girlfriend, who spent hours testing the Dreamcast version of Mortal Kombat with me—and dished out a thorough whupping. Man magnet? More like man trap. ■

Get the latest on Dreamcast's launch at [sega.com](http://sega.com). Questions for Chris? E-mail him at [cdt@well.com](mailto:cdt@well.com)

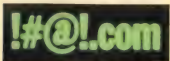
**RUNNING EMPTY** Worried about toting a potentially incendiary jug of extra fuel in your trunk? Your answer may be Spare Tank. It's a gasoline derivative much less combustible than ordinary gas, thus less likely to explode. Still, it packs enough punch, when mixed with residual fuel in your tank, to get you to the next station. Cost: a high-octane \$24.99 a gallon.



**YOU'RE E-VITED** If you think it's a drag to send out invitations by snail mail, consider a new website called [evite.com](http://evite.com). All you need to do is fill out one of the site's prepared invitations and, with a click, send it off. It keeps track of acceptances, lets invitees make comments, even offers a place to pick, say, chicken or beef for dinner. There's a benefit for recipients too. They can peek at the R.S.V.P. list—and decide after casing the names on the acceptances whether it's a bash they would really like to attend.



**UNCENSORED** The Internet has hardly been obscenity free. But in the past, using what George Carlin once called the "seven dirty words" in a domain name was taboo. No more. Now that domain registry is no longer a monopoly, some



registrars are apparently winking at four-letter words. Indeed, one of those new custodians of Web domains, Net Wizards, claims that those former no-nos "account for 75% of our business." Blanketyblank.com? —By Bill Syken





Daniel Kadlec

## Special Delivery

An IPO from UPS will provide a back-door play on the Internet, but don't overlook rival FedEx

A FEW YEARS BACK, WHEN WE STILL HAD REAL WINTERS in New York, the snow was so deep one night that I left my car at the train station and walked home. No cabs were running. Not a snowplow in sight. Even the mailman had bagged it. The street was perfectly silent—but for a familiar boxy, brown truck rumbling my way sporting the initials U P S. There, I recall thinking, is a stock to own—if only UPS shares traded publicly.

Last year, when I made my first online purchase, the UPS yen resurfaced. By then the Internet had emerged as a retailing force. I even recommend buying shares of FDX Corp., parent of delivery company Federal Express, as an indirect play on the growth of online shopping. I still believe FedEx is a great stock. But it was the UPS man who had delivered my package. If only.

No more wishing: last week UPS, which is based in Atlanta, said it will soon sell the public a 10% stake in what could be the biggest initial public offering ever (\$4 billion or so) and the hottest in recent memory. CEO James Kelly says it's all about flexibility. Publicly traded shares will give him a currency to make acquisitions and compete better.

O.K. That stuff matters. But this IPO is really about mining riches on the Internet. UPS has been around since 1907, and management had always staunchly resisted selling shares to the public and having to deal with impatient shareholders and arrogant Wall Streeters. So why go public now? The company doesn't need money; it has a \$3.4 billion cash reserve.

I'm betting the UPS brass doubled over in envy as they watched shares of rival FedEx nearly triple in a seven-month stretch, ignited by explosive e-commerce activity last holiday season. Kelly calls the market's valuation of Internet stocks "speculative" and says his planned IPO "is not the result of what any other company is doing." Still, Zona Research estimates 55% of the goods bought online during the holidays were delivered by UPS. FedEx got a mere 10%.

UPS management must have imagined the possibilities. (The U.S. Postal Service, by the way, delivered 32% of e-packages, a strong showing that suggests it might do well divorced from Uncle Sam.)

Should you buy UPS when it goes public? Big Brown is a great company that's been growing earnings steadily through cost cutting and world expansion. It's getting an incremental boost from the Internet. In the second quarter, reported last Thursday, its income jumped 28%, and the company forecast "a significant increase" in this holiday season's e-commerce. Last year UPS delivered 3 billion packages in 200 countries, earning \$1.7 billion on sales of \$24.6 billion—way bigger numbers than FedEx's. And there's no place in the U.S. that UPS doesn't go. If e-commerce grows 30% a year, as some predict, the impact on earnings will be dramatic.

What may matter most, though, is where the stock settles after the inevitable post-IPO run-up. I'd love to own UPS as a back-door Internet play, much like profitable equipment makers Lucent and IBM. But if Netmiks drive the stock too high too fast, FDX, sliding lately, may be the better stock. Attention from the UPS offering and a repeat breakout holiday season for online shopping could send it on another run. ■

See [time.com](http://time.com) for more on UPS. Dan appears on *CNN* Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T. and *BNN* radio Mondays at 5:40 p.m. E.T.

**NO FREE RIDE** The SEC recently forced several companies to yank bogus online offerings of "free" stock. The catch? The issuers were trying to bring traffic to their websites and get valuable personal information from the recipients. Web-WorksMarketing.com said its free stock was worth \$38.40 a share, which beats the company's gross revenues of \$26. Like-

**freestock.com**

wise, American Space Corp. distributed shares, although it had no offices, employees or contracts. The investing lesson? Free could equal worthless.

**INHERITED IRAS** The IRS seems to agree with fund companies that allow inherited IRAs to pass on after you do. In a private-letter ruling, the agency has given the go-ahead for nonspouse beneficiaries to roll the accounts over. The maneuver can spare your heirs a hefty tax bill by avoiding the customary

one-time cash-out. Naming another beneficiary will not extend the life of the account, and payments must be distributed at least as rapidly as the pace set by the original owner, regardless of who receives the cash.



**ULTIMATE PORTFOLIO?** Morningstar, the firm that rates thousands of mutual funds, has reshuffled its own 401(k) lineup, which is worth pondering. With few exceptions, the company considered only funds that had at least a three-year track record. Similarly, the funds' managers had to have at least a three-year tenure at the helm. The company also chose far more

stock funds than bond funds, citing its young employee base (average age: 30). For more on the firm's rationale, visit [www.morningstar.net](http://www.morningstar.net). —By Julie Rawe

**MORNINGSTAR**

**WHAT'S IN**  
 Harbor Capital Apprec.  
 MAS Mid-Cap Growth  
 Oakmark Select  
 PIMCO High Yield  
 Vanguard 500 Index

**WHAT'S OUT**  
 Fidelity Real Estate Inv.  
 Liberty-Newport Tiger  
 PIMCO Growth  
 PIMCO StocksPlus  
 T. Rowe Price New Era



Michael Lemonick

## Love for Strangers

**Why do we mourn so for J.F.K. Jr. when some of us wouldn't feel the same grief for a relative?**

I HAVE NO STATISTICS ON THIS, BUT CONVERSATIONS with friends and dozens of person-on-the-street interviews I saw and heard last week convince me that a lot of Americans felt a sense of personal loss at the death of John F. Kennedy Jr. Their grief was palpable and clearly genuine. Yet I couldn't help wondering how many would have reacted this way to the death of a relative. A mother or father, sure. But what about Uncle John, who lives across town; or Cousin Tara, who moved to another state; or even Grand-

ma, whom we see once or twice a year, from the other side of the country?

For many of us, the concept of family is a lot narrower than it used to be. Today children go away to college, and take up careers wherever opportunity seems greatest. So instead of growing up in an extended family, with grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins involved in our day-to-day lives, many of us are truly connected only to our parents and siblings. Many kids today know little of the lives of relatives outside the nuclear family, and don't care deeply about them.

Whether we're aware of it or not, this estrangement creates a void. "People have an inherent need to feel connected," says Joy Browne, a clinical psychologist and nationally syndicated talk-show host. "And they'll do it in whatever ways are easiest for them." When family members are distant, what could be easier than forming a connection to celebrities—especially glamorous, public-spirited ones like the Kennedys?

This sort of false intimacy isn't new, of course. People wept when Rudolph Valentino died in 1926 and when the Lindberghs lost their baby in 1932. It's natural and in most ways harmless to identify with the famous. But today's combination of busy lives, fragmented families and saturation media coverage of celebrities means this is the only intimacy many of us experience outside our immediate family. And that's unhealthy, because these celebrity relationships are not two-way.

For that, we need to stay connected to



live longer than those who do not—a result of the "social support" they get, say researchers. I'll bet the researchers would find similar benefits among those who get support from extended families. We'll never turn back the clock to keep families from scattering.

But parents can help by telling their kids stories about their grandparents, aunts and cousins, and by keeping the relatives informed of the kids' latest activities and interests.

Technology can encourage more frequent, more casual contact. It's no chore to dash off an e-mail to Granddad. Inexpensive new machines like Cidco's Mailstation (\$149 at [cidco.com](http://cidco.com)) allow anyone who can use a phone to enjoy e-mail. And computer-top video cameras like Logitech's Quickcam (\$100 at [quickcam.com](http://quickcam.com)) can turn your desktop into a virtual video telephone.

Better yet, take a vacation with members of your extended family—and not at anyone's home. A week or so of relaxed interaction can be a great way to tune up family ties. And when tragedy happens, there's no substitute for family. Because no matter how much we cry for the Kennedys, they can't be there to cry for us.

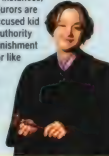
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**WHAT'S IN A NAME** Two states are making it easier for adults to learn the identity of their biological parents. An Oregon judge just upheld a law that gives adoptees age 21 and older the right to obtain birth certificates listing their birth parents. In Illinois, the Governor is expected to sign a bill stipulating that when a surrogate mother carries another couple's embryo, the birth certificate will not list the surrogate but only the biological parents whose sperm and egg formed the embryo.



**A SECOND CHANCE** Forty-six states and the District of Columbia offer programs in which nonviolent youthful offenders avoid criminal trials and often permanent records by attending teen court. In many instances, the judge and jurors are peers of the accused kid and have the authority to mete out punishment for misbehavior like petty theft.

Sentences can mean community service, such as collecting trash.



**GOOD FOR MORE THAN THE SOUL** Last week Duke University researchers reported that those 64 and older who attended weekly religious services were 46% less likely to die over a six-year period than those who went less often. Doctors think that those who attend benefit in several

ways from having a larger social network. They are less likely to suffer from depression. And any new ailments they develop will probably be noticed earlier by family and friends and thus be treated more quickly. —By Daniel S. Levy



By MICHELE ORECKLIN

# PEOPLE

## Why Worry About Hemlines?

Designers often more associated with whimsy than worry seemed to project some millennial anxieties at last week's couture shows in Paris. John Galiano's models, left, sported hats adorned with dead foxes and pheasants—demonstrating how Dior customers can simultaneously snare a meal and a fashion statement. Alexander McQueen at Givenchy suggested that not only supermodels but also the human race may be extinct next century, exhibiting his clothes on fiber-glass mannequins that briefly popped up from the floorboards. And Paco Rabanne illustrated his prediction that the Mir space station will kill thousands when it crash-lands in Paris in August by showing a metallic satellite dress, center. For Rabanne, the end has already arrived. After 33 years, he presented his final couture collection.



STYLING: GINA PRESS (2); FRANK VALETTE/STOMA

## ED HARRIS LEARNS THE ART OF POURING IT ON

Just as a lot of actors think they can direct, a lot of parents think their two-year-olds can splatter paint as well as Jackson Pollock. But **ED HARRIS** can attest that neither task is as simple as it seems. The actor is making his directorial debut—and playing the lead role—in a film based on the abstract expressionist, a project that has consumed Harris for six years. “It became a personal project,” says Harris, “and I didn’t want to hand it over to anyone else to direct.”



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY W. HARRIS

## WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

He wears a poker face on the bench, but sometimes Chief Justice **WILLIAM REHNQUIST** just can't stop his irrepressibly jaunty side from shining through. His “Old Fashioned Sing-along,” for example, is considered a highlight of the annual 4th Circuit Judicial Conference. This year, however, some lawyers took exception to the inclusion of *Dixie* in his songbook.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY W. HARRIS

Many consider the Confederate marching song, which was played at Jefferson Davis' inauguration, to be nostalgic for slavery. Rehnquist is not commenting publicly, but we do have some insight into what else he's doing in his downtime. Earlier this month, he entered, and won, a contest in the *Washington Post's* Dr. Gridlock column by figuring out that a license plate reading 1 DIV 0 referred to an Infiniti. He's sure to clean up during Supreme Court Justice Week on *Jeopardy!*

### A PAGE FROM

## MICHAEL'S DIARY

**JULY 18** Join family members of former South African President Nelson Mandela to celebrate his 81st birthday

**JUNE 28** Receive minor burns from fireworks used in a charity concert in Munich, Germany

**JUNE 25** Appear with **BOYZ II MEN**, among others, at a benefit concert in Seoul, South Korea

**APRIL 22** Finalize plans for a New Year's Eve 2000 concert to be performed first in Sydney, Australia, then across the International date line in Honolulu

**DAILY** Continue to alter appearance in alarming ways



MANAGING A. BELL

Garrison Keillor

## Goodbye to Our Boy

**A**FTER THE INITIAL DISBELIEF, THE HOPE AGAINST hope that the three of them might be spotted on some tiny island waving, the anger at what one could see as his foolhardiness in flying at night into hazy conditions with his wife and her sister aboard, the morbid thought of their last minutes, the aching sadness of it all, the archival film footage of the children romping at the White House and the little boy's salute and all the mawkish elegies on television, it was a comfort finally to watch the U.S.S. *Briscoe* raise anchor and put out to sea Thursday morning with the ashes and the families of the dead on board.

There was a rightness about it, as there was about the profound competence of the Federal Aviation Administration, the Coast Guard, the Navy, the divers, tracking the plane from radar records, scanning the ocean floor, locating the wreckage, bringing up the bodies, a great mercy. And now, with the U.S. Navy in charge, you knew that there would be some simple grandeur and decorum at the end. The crashed pilot would be released to the elements, and the young women who perished with him, and it would take place beyond the public gaze, without narration or comment, out on the sea.

He was a most romantic figure, a hero endowed with a legend when he was three years old, for which there was no precedent in our history, a hero sprung up from tragedy, the son of the murdered President bearing his name whose life was meant in our minds to redeem that evil day in Dallas. I doubt that there were many Americans who didn't want the best for John F. Kennedy Jr. And when his plane was reported missing on Saturday morning, although there was no precedent, no justification, for television to maintain the vigil that it did, there was a rightness about it. He was our boy. We had a right to stand on the shore and grieve for him.

For days the reporters stood their posts at Hyannis Port and on Martha's Vineyard, as the old photographs were brought out again and again, and the reporters looked into the camera to say, at some length, that there was no news to report but that it was terribly sad, terribly sad, which is not journalism exactly, but there was a rightness about it. The TV anchors and correspondents are like old uncles and aunts who come to the house after a death in the family and plod down in the living

room and say, "I just can't believe it somehow." You don't expect them to be cogent; you are just grateful for their company.

We often accuse ourselves of being cruel and voyeuristic and of devouring our heroes, but this man was loved, genuinely, by people who didn't know him and weren't anxious to. It would have been heartbreaking to see him turn up on talk shows to explain himself. We wanted him to be distant. The press—even the ferocious iconoclasts of the tabloids—gave him room. He sowed his wild oats and went nightclubbing and hung out with inappropriate women, and nobody begrudged him this.

Of course, he was lucky to live in New York City, whose citizens are proud of their ability to recognize famous people and ignore them at the same time. When he wished to exploit his name to start up a magazine, there was no objection to it, though we preferred him to be elusive, a little mysterious. We were glad when he slipped away and married that radiant woman, a person of majestic reticence who never uttered a word in public.

It was terribly important that he be adventurous and modest and funny and self-deprecating and charitable to strangers and graceful and full of life, and we believed he was, and we never cared to hear otherwise. He may have been all of those things, as so many people say, or maybe someone will come out with a book showing him to have been not exactly all of those things, but it won't matter. He was what we needed him to be, a classy guy, and the question asked at his death—What might he have become?—was not so important in his lifetime. He was a hero who lived up to his legend, and that is more than good enough.

His legend will grow now that he's gone. The pathos of this story, the sense of fate drawing him into its clutches, the broken ankle, his anxiety about the flight, the heavy traffic en route to the airport and the late take-off, darkness setting in as he flew up the coast, the refusal to turn back, the radio silence, the nearly moonless night, the descent into the mist and the horizonless dark, and the terrible, spiraling fall.

"Show me a hero," said F. Scott Fitzgerald, "and I will write you a tragedy." This we all know. Life is terribly beautiful. Life is terrifying. We can't go on. We must go on. We are not in control of this situation. But we never were. ■



MARRIAGE to reticent Carolyn Bessette helped foster the mystery

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